

ROMAN
CATHOLICISM
AS A FACTOR IN
EUROPEAN
POLITICS



FRED. C.
CONYBEARE



To J. C. Mansel-Pleydell

22 Feb. 1901

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AS A FACTOR IN EUROPEAN POLITICS.

BY
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PREFACE.

THE republication of the following Articles has been undertaken at the earnest request of numerous correspondents. In writing them my aim was to initiate my countrymen into the methods openly pursued by the Latin Church in France in its eternal campaign against civil liberty, against freedom of conscience, against a true and spiritual Christianity. The French Republicans are about to introduce fresh legislation against the monkish orders, and especially against the Jesuits and Assumptionists. They hope thereby to safeguard their Army and Navy and Civil Service from the insidious inroads of these Orders, which have acquired too much control over the education of French youth. Such efforts to avert the catastrophe, moral and intellectual, which the clericals would bring upon France, could they ever succeed in realizing their aspirations, deserve the sympathy of Englishmen. Notwithstanding, the influence of the Latins and of that section of the Anglican Church which apes their rites and methods, and looks forward to reunion with them, is so great in the English press, that even in intelligent journals like the *Spectator* we already meet with denunciations of the religious intolerance

of French Republicans. Certainly they will blunder here and there, for men who are groaning under a sacerdotalist tyranny, which begins by violating the family and home, are apt to hit out wildly. It is certain however that, if in England the mischief ever grew to the dimensions which it assumes in France and Italy, we should not hesitate to resort to measures equally or more drastic.

FREDERICK C. CONYBEARE.

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ROMAN CATHOLICISM

AS A FACTOR IN EUROPEAN POLITICS.

A CLERICAL CRUSADE.

From the "National Review," February, 1899.

IN an article contributed to this journal in November of the last year, the present writer declared the malady from which France is suffering to be that of "Militarism doubled with Jesuitry." In a volume devoted to the history of the Dreyfus case which has more recently appeared, he felt himself again obliged, after a careful study of French opinion, to lay the chief blame upon the Latin Church in France, and in particular upon the Jesuits of that country. For this he has been taken to task by more than one reviewer and by several personal friends, to whom his language appears to be harsh and unwarranted by the facts. In the present article, therefore, he intends to look a little more closely into the question. Within the short compass of a few pages he cannot hope to reproduce all the manifold *indicia* of French Catholic feeling which he has either met with in Continental journals, or which have been set before him in conversations and correspondence with trustworthy

and temperate Frenchmen. Of a mass of these he has kept no record except that of mere memory. In such an enquiry it is obligatory to derive one's evidence, not from sources hostile to French Catholicism, but from the writings of French clerics, from the columns of strictly Catholic newspapers, from the works of professed and accredited friends of the Church.

The Abbé Pichot is, or was, until a few weeks ago, Professor of Mathematics in the Seminary of Felletin. In consequence of an article about the Dreyfus case which appeared in the Supplement of the popular religious paper, *La Croix*, for August 28th, 1898, he addressed an open letter to the editor, in which clearly and temperately he set forth the grounds on which the condemnation of Dreyfus and the acquittal of Esterhazy appeared to him to be unjust; he also besought the editor to reproduce his arguments instead of merely assuming, as was his wont, that all partisans of revision were "simpletons (*gogos*), pretentious and conceited persons, who look for noon at fourteen o'clock." One or two paragraphs of his letter deserve to be quoted at length:—

"*La Croix*," he wrote, "represents Christianity. It gives itself out to be the Christian journal. It is to be feared that the Christianity it reflects is over much destitute of critical spirit. Catholics have hardly recovered from the universal mystification of which they were the victims at the hands of Léo Taxil . . . Léo Taxil had antecedents which were unmistakable by those who reflected. He even continued to write filthy books . . . None the less the mystification went on for ten or twelve years, to the confusion of Catholics, until some critics—who were of course stigmatized as unbelievers—succeeded in unmasking the humbug himself. Now once more, two years after, from want of critical sense, from want of reflection, from want of any desire to understand the psychology of the professional soldier, thanks to a credulous and blind Press, here we are

fallen once more into the same snare! We see the Catholics partisans of an evident illegality, of an injustice almost as evident, just at a time when Catholics no longer dare ask for themselves anything beyond legality and common right."

The entire letter, from which we quote the above, was published in pamphlet form under the title, *The Christian Conscience and the Dreyfus Affair*, with a short preface on the first page of which we read the following well-put truths:—

"The great Christian mystic Tolstoi recently remarked, in respect of the Dreyfus affair, that the French have at last a case of conscience to settle (*les Français ont enfin un cas de conscience à résoudre*). . . . It is long since my conscience dictated to me the writing of this letter. But I needed first to witness crimes heaped upon crimes, all to cover a simple error, to see Colonel Picquart—a Catholic—arrested, to see him kept brutally *au secret*, before I resolved on an action which will arouse the protests of the admirers of the army, but will perhaps stand in the way of future crimes.

"I needed also to read such words as these, fallen from the lips of an infidel:—'Amidst dissensions in which the various ministers of the Gospel have abrogated the precept of the peacemaker: "*Love ye one another*," which should dominate all, we take up this *mot d'ordre* and make it *our law*. Since there is such a lack of heirs to maintain the succession of the Divine crucified one, we will try to win a little portion of the heritage for ourselves.' I needed to read this, before I resolved to assert my rights in the succession of Him who came to bring, twenty centuries ago, peace into the world."

At the end of this preface the Abbé Pichot adds a letter which he has received from a priest who was his teacher. In it the facts which will be dwelt upon in this article, are set forth in language that to every well-wisher of the Latin Church must be painful to read:—

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—If I were, like yourself, a simple priest, I should not hesitate to come forward publicly and so obey an impulse which conscience sanctions and which can dispense with other authority.

. . . But, *being a member of a religious congregation*, I cannot. . . . I entirely share your way of regarding this sad Dreyfus affair; not that I have in any special way been let into any secret, but because, having read without prejudice the documents which have been published, it clearly appeared to me that one could not judge otherwise.

"I am deeply distressed at the attitude of the Catholics. Their prejudice is so intense, that if a tribunal ever rehabilitates the condemned man, they are ready to accuse the judges of having sold themselves to the Jews.* Regard for justice, the great question of conscience which overshadows the whole discussion, does not appear to interest them. They model themselves,—and it is a fatal thing to do,—upon their journals. In their eyes everything is lost sight of save race-hatreds and the antagonisms of religion. If we would hear expressed about this matter sentiments that are reasonable and Christian, we must look for them in the papers that are Rationalist and Protestant. It is a deplorable state of mind. You try to remedy it. You will certainly reap some fruit. In any case you will have the merit and satisfaction of having courageously fulfilled a great duty. I congratulate you.—G.C."

The Abbé Pichot reaped this fruit, that he was censured and punished by his ecclesiastical authorities, as we learn from another "Letter of a Catholic," published in the *Siècle* of December 18th, 1898. It is signed, F. Depardieu, and is well worth reading. It was written with special reference to a letter sent to the *Figaro* of December 12th, 1898, in which the Abbé Pichot, while denying that the Catholic clergy are, and will be, before history responsible for the Dreyfus affair, or that they have instigated the conduct of the *État-Major*, yet admits that they have allowed themselves to be deceived and duped by their journals, and now wilfully ignore the facts.

M. Depardieu thus begins his letter in the *Siècle* :—

* This is the line which the anti-Dreyfusards in France, under the guidance of Rochefort, Drumont, Francois Coppée, and Brunetière, are now taking.

"*Monsieur l'Abbé*,—I have read your letter to the *Figaro*, and I associate myself with the just ones of all religions, as with those of my own, in praising you for *having suffered for the truth*.*

"But since you recognize that truth and justice are the chief good and the common patrimony of all *honest people*, let me protest against some of the statements, the inaccuracy of which a prejudice, very natural on your part, has concealed from you. We must not alter the truth, even in favour of the Church. . . .

"You will not then deny that there are errors which deserve blame, and that persons deceived, because they have done everything in order to be deceived and because they obstinately shut their eyes to the light, are responsible for their mistake and its consequences.

"Now, if this is true, *Monsieur l'Abbé*, then the clergy of France, from the Archbishops and Bishops down to the last country curé, are with very few exceptions gravely, sadly responsible for the blind obstinacy with which a portion of the French people, less and less considerable every day, but yet still almost the preponderant portion, has upheld for nearly a year injustice, falsehood, atrocious barbarism, nay, the agents and partisans of all this.

"And to begin with, let not our priests come and say to us: 'This Jew's business did not concern us.' Are those glorious times for ever gone, when not a public crime, not a scandal of court or of street, but found a Bishop to protest against it? Is not the *Episcopus* before all things he who looks after, watches over the people, and preserves them from going astray? But a few paces from the place in which I am writing, the Bishop *Praetextatus* fell under the knife of the *Sicarii*, because he publicly condemned the crimes of an all-powerful Queen.

"If only the clergy, so prompt to mix themselves up, often very indiscreetly, with public affairs, had confined themselves in this matter to a prudent reserve! But it is proved that on every occasion, in all places, they have been zealous in their support of the miserable authors of a judicial crime that has aroused all over the world the most legitimate reprobation. I know, alas! but two Catholic priests, the Abbé Frémont and yourself, sir, that have had the courage to dissociate yourselves from the troop of wolves. . . . All the ecclesiastics with whom I have conversed on the subject, not only approved of the brutal executioners of Dreyfus, of the persecutors of Picquart, but made public profession of their approval.

* The italics are mine.—F.C.C.

"You lay the blame on your journals, which you say have led you into error. But your journals, *Monsieur l'Abbé*, are written by your pupils and by your *confrères*. They are what you make them. . . . No! If the Church of France would be sincere, let it be thoroughly so, and let it cry *mea culpa*. Let it give up that grovelling flattery of the sword which has lowered it so much in the world's esteem.

"What true Catholic soul but has been deeply distressed to see an illustrious preacher,* addressing himself to young people, basely flatter violence, and defend the view that force is the supreme argument? If the soldier,† whose smile he thus courted, had retained under his uniform the heart and dignity of an honest man, what contempt must he not have felt for this unworthy disciple of Him who said: 'Blessed are the meek!'"

The writer then outlines the history of the case, the three weary years during which Dreyfus had no champions outside his own family, the launching of the formal accusation against the wretched man Esterhazy, his acquittal to order, the prostitution of justice in the Zola trials, the confession and death of Henry. Then he continues thus:—

"While these revelations were being made, honest men, from one end of France to the other, men who think and feel, were stirred at first by legitimate curiosity, and then by irrepressible indignation against the band of scoundrels that had compromised a section of the general staff and sought to compromise the entire army in this villainous affair. These men of heart and head stepped forward out of all ranks, out of all corporations, the Church excepted. The Church alone on this occasion furnished no champion of right, of innocence, of truth, so hatefully outraged. I ask you, *Monsieur l'Abbé*, what avails the priests their five years of philosophy, if in a matter of such public interest they merely acquiesce in the blasphemous follies, the gross sophistries, the cowardly lies of the *Libre Parole*, of the *Patrie*, the *Jour*, the *Gaulois*, lastly of the *Croix*, a journal which takes for its frontispiece Jesus crucified, and yet contains nothing but hatred, spleen, and falsehood.

"*Sursum corda!* O ye priests, beat your breasts and say *ergo erravimus!*

* Père Didon.

† General Jamont.

For greatly are you gone astray, more so than the pretenders whom you have dragged along with you in your fanaticism, and whose feeble hopes of restoration you have for ever destroyed.—F. DEPARDIEU."

On Christmas Day the *Siccle* published interviews which a correspondent had had with two leading members of the French clergy. The first of these was M. Mugnier, Vicar of Sainte-Clotilde, one of the most enlightened and upright of the Paris clergy. Asked whether he did not think the time had come for the clergy to give a lead, he answered that the clergy had no business to take sides. "They, too, were soldiers, and," he added, "what does it matter to you what a priest thinks?" "Nevertheless," said his interviewer, "are there not people who expect you to direct their consciences?" "Certainly," was the answer, "and consciences which can look for direction from me have a right to direction on quite another plane. . . . They hold different opinions, yet to all I must indicate the aim, truth, and justice. Leave the priest alone," he added, "leave him in his right place, above all that, above these conflicts. His mission is a higher one."

"The clergy, then," objected his interviewer, "refuse to take any interest in this question, which yet stirs the human conscience from one end of the earth to the other."

"Ask that of our chiefs," was the answer. "Question the bishops if you would make the clergy speak."

"Then you priests would only answer after them?"

"Yes, after them, or not at all. I think that that is our duty. Ask Monseigneur the Archbishop."

The correspondent accordingly sought an interview of Monseigneur Richard, the Archbishop of Paris, who

declined the honour, and sent him a message through a secretary that he had a thousand other things to attend to than the Abbé Pichot's letter.

Lastly, M. Gayraud, a priest and member of Parliament for Brest, was interviewed. He retrenched himself behind the authority of the *chose jugée*; though he said he could allow of revision as a political measure destined to confound the defenders of Dreyfus. He could not, however, hide his violent indignation against the campaign made on behalf of revision, for he considered that no one had the right to disturb men's minds in such a way; better that justice should go wrong, the light be made darkness, and an innocent man remain in the galleys.

"If only the clergy had confined themselves to an attitude of prudent reserve!" is the regretful wish of a sincere Catholic, M. Depardieu. Let us begin with the Jesuit order, and ask—Have they observed such an attitude?

Far from it. The *Civiltà Cattolica*, published in Rome, is, as all the world knows, the official organ of the Jesuits. On February 3rd, 1898, it defined their attitude with regard to the Dreyfus case in a long and carefully formulated article, of which the gist was this: that it is, on the whole, better not to kill Jews or send them into exile, but that they ought to be disfranchised in every Christian polity, and forbidden to serve as public functionaries; they may rightly, indeed, be excluded from citizenship and from all participation in the control of public affairs.

Is it a mere coincidence that for several years past Drumont has preached exactly the same doctrine in the columns of the *Libre Parole*? That it has been the text of

six hundred articles which he has written, and of all his books? If, indeed, his pen differs from that of the Roman Jesuit editor, it is only in this—that the latter observes a certain literary restraint in the expression of his mediæval intolerance, whereas Drumont, who, by the way, writes detestable French, has the literary tastes and graces of a bargee. And in this connection it must not be forgotten that the manager of the *Libre Parole* was, if he is not still, M. Odelin—the same person who presides over and controls the great Jesuit training school in the Rue des Postes at Paris. This statement rests not on rumour, but is Drumont's own. He himself announced the fact in an article that he wrote on January 16th, 1895, on the occasion of a temporary disagreement with his manager. The school in the Rue des Postes prepares, as is well known, candidates for the great military colleges, *St. Cyr* and the *Polytechnique*. Most of the Catholic officers in the French army have been trained there, and the young officers so educated know themselves as *postards*, and ostentatiously flout every Jewish officer. From the day it was started the *Libre Parole* has been the official organ of this section of the French officers.

How far the Jesuits admire Drumont we know not. They are too discreet a race to let us into their secrets. But the admiration of Drumont for the order is unfeigned and fulsome. He abominates Jews, and Freethinkers and Protestants are still more odious to him. For devout Catholics alone has he any liking, and he goes down on both knees to the Jesuits.

In the first volume of *La France Juive* (p. 261), we learn that “the Jesuit, in his extreme subtlety and clear-

ness of vision, personifies the French spirit at its best." "They are all very brave, very loyal, and very sincere" (*Testament*, p. 20). In another work, *Fin d'un Monde* (p. 333), he bids us "apply in our projects of intervention in public matters the admirable method of meditation of the 'Exercises' of St. Ignatius." Nor has Drumont, who takes as the motto of his journal the words, "France for the French," left us in the dark as to his political ideal. It is one which will be realized the day when France is handed over, eyes bandaged and hands bound, to the Jesuits. "If," he says, "they had the control of things, everything would go well, as everything went well in Paraguay, of which they had made an earthly paradise." Why does he not include in his ideal the Philippines as well?

What is the matter with the existing order? This is the matter. It concedes civil rights not only to Jews, but to Protestants. "To us Catholics," writes Drumont in his *Testament* (p. 15), "the Protestant, when he usurps a show of authority, is worse than the Jew. He is an enemy more disloyal and more lying. . . . Whenever I have met with a Protestant on my path, I have seen him, in the exercise of his functions, do the work of valet to the Jew." And elsewhere in *La France Juive* (I., p. 190), he declares that "every Protestant is half a Jew."

It is not astonishing, then, to find that Drumont casts back wistful glances to the age of the Inquisition. "Torture," he asserts, in his *Fin d'un Monde* (p. 468), "never existed in the Christian Middle Ages"; even as, forsooth, "the *ancien régime* put everyone in a position to resist injustice, and assured to all the rights which would

enable them to defend themselves against tyranny."

"The Anti-Semites," he declares, in the *Libre Parole* for July 20th, 1892, "*do not blame the Inquisition. . . .* They are convinced that it assured the grandeur and independence of Spain, and *their first care, if they were in power, would be to establish a tribunal which would be, it is true, exclusively laic, but which would very much resemble the Spanish Inquisition.*" Here we learn whence the French *État-Major* gets its idea of military justice, which as Ravary, the acquitter of Esterhazy and accuser of Picquart, has truly remarked, is not as other justice. The trial of Dreyfus, who was falsely condemned after preliminary torture by du Paty de Clam, upon evidence withheld from himself and his counsel, was certainly arranged after Drumont's ideal, the Spanish Inquisition, of which he proclaims the advantages also in these words:—"Never was there any procedure so admirable in its equity, so minute in its circumspection. Never did any tribunal take so many precautions against possible error; never was respect for the rights of the defence pushed to such a length" (*Fin d'un Monde*, p. 227).

Such is the inmost soul, at once naïve and cruel, of the man who is, above all others, responsible for the iniquities which at this moment are a burthen on the conscience of the entire world, of the chief instigator, aider, abettor, and apologist of the French *État-Major*. No wonder that he repudiates the only people who in modern France appear to retain any conscience. "The truth is," he cries, in fury, "that the society which in '89 issued from the Masonic lodges and the plottings of the Jewish cabal (!) was born in the state of mortal sin. It has not

been baptized, it is outside the Church, and is no good except to be cast out into the draught."

Let us now leave Drumont, and turn to the strictly religious Press of France; and no one can find fault, if the two most widely disseminated, and so most influential of its journals, be selected for examination. These are the *Pèlerin* and its political supplement. Though they are edited in the same office, 8, Rue Francois I^{er}, Paris, they are practically two papers. The only difference between them is that matter strictly religious preponderates in the *Pèlerin*, which not only sells all over France, but is to be also seen in the hands of every Latin pilgrim who visits Rome and Jerusalem. It is a journal of magazine form, and usually contains twenty pages, beside the coloured wrapper and a detachable feuilleton of eight or more pages in length devoted to the history, often legendary, of the Saint for the day. It costs ten centimes, and is now in the twenty-third year of its circulation. On the cover of each copy is a well-executed plate of St. Anthony of Padua, distributing bread to the sick and poor. Angels and fellow-monks escort him bearing baskets of bread; and above is the Virgin with Child, the latter holding a wreath over the Saint's head. Above this illustration we read the words:—

"The bread of St. Anthony of the Rue Francois I^{er}, in Paris."

and underneath always appears a notice of this kind:—

"645 letters have been placed this week in the box of St. Anthony, 8, Rue Francois I^{er}. They announced or recommended: 138 cures, 155 spiritual graces, 450 temporal graces, 239 conversions, 124 positions obtained, 467 thanksgivings, 79 calls, 45 marriages, 443 special graces, 11 first communions, 78 schools, 82 religious houses, 212 shops, 21 objects

lost, 23 examinations, 135 families, 148 deaths, 25 lawsuits, 218 young people, 22 parishes."

The rest of the four pages of the wrapper is filled with selected thanksgiving notices under these various categories. They are headed, *Extraits du Courrier*; and a footnote assures us that from want of space it is impossible to print all the thanksgivings received, but that beside those here given in the *Pèlerin*, there are inserted every day in the *Croix* some of these "edifying recitals." We select from the *Pèlerin* of Sunday, February 6th, 1898, a specimen of these notices. The list for that day begins with the following :—

"Army.—Meuse.—2 francs, promise made to St. Anthony, if I obtained a good number of points in the firing practice. I have obtained more than I hoped for, as I am not a very good shot. Thanks.—A blue."

Certainly the prayers are often for things we ourselves might not pray for, but they as a rule breathe a very sincere, if uninstructed, piety. Now let us turn to the contents of the magazine.

The first page of the *Pèlerin* has, under the motto, *Adveniat regnum tuum*, a coloured frontispiece representing the Virgin, Child in arms, standing on the globe, with views of Jerusalem and of the Vatican in the background on either hand. The rest of the page is filled with a review of the events for the week. Four or more pages of each number are taken up with coloured illustrations of current events. Thus, in the issue of February 6th, 1898, we have pictures of the burning and sacking of Jewish houses in Algiers, of the scrimmage in the French Chamber on January 22nd, 1898, when M. de Bernis, the

Royalist and anti-Dreyfusard member, insulted M. Jaurès. The last page is a coloured cartoon, intended to cast odium and contempt on the French Republic.

Let us now give a few specimens of the political style of this journal. In the issue for February 6th, 1898, we read this :—

“ The agitation caused by the manœuvres of the Jewish Syndicate has died down a little. But the fire smoulders under the cinders, and we fear that the Zola trial, which is to come on in the Assize Court next week, will rekindle this but half-extinguished conflagration. If France had been more Christian and more faithful to her baptism, she would not have had to suffer this audacious act of insolence on the part of a handful of *Jews* and *Protestants*. At any rate, this lesson must not be lost. The Catholics have numbers on their side ; they ought to be the moving force and power. Let them at last show that they are.”

The above is directly below the motto : “ Thy kingdom come.” We turn over a few pages, and on the verso of the picture of the riots at Algiers find a description of what took place under the heading : “ Anti-Semitism in Algeria.”

Algiers was on January the 23rd, 1898, the scene of a violent and fatal riot, instigated by the Anti-Semites. Max-Regis, subsequently elected their Mayor, and Drumont, elected last May as their Deputy in the Chamber by the French of Algiers, were mainly responsible for the disturbances. The rioters, with cries of *Mort aux Juifs*, overcame the few policemen and Zouaves opposed to them by a timid Governor, M. Lépine, and invaded one of the chief thoroughfares, the Rue Bab-Azoun. The pillage of Jewish shops began. The rioters tore down the shutters, and used the fragments of them to destroy the

shop fronts. All the goods within were seized and thrown to the winds, or set on fire, where they were not simply looted. Then the Rue Bab-el-Oued was sacked in the same way. The Jews defended themselves from their house-tops, but were in many instances murdered in the fray. The disorder lasted all day and during half the night. On the next day, after the funeral of a man named Cayrol, who had been killed in the general riot, the crowd set upon two Jews, who refused to give up their places in an omnibus, and murdered them in cold blood. In describing these scenes the *Pèlerin* declares that they were mainly due to the nondescripts dumped down by European nations in the French colonies; but at the same time it admits that "the looters were encouraged by the approbation of all true colonists."

Then follows this passage, which it behoves everyone to read who desires to gain insight into the inner aspirations of Latin monks of France. It begins with a frank avowal that an Attila's methods of spreading the faith are by no means to be despised. Barbarians, in the eyes of the Assumptionist monks, may make even better missionaries than Madame de Maintenon's dragoons:—

"Are these modern barbarians about to open out for Christianity a new path, as formerly did the hordes of Attila? This would certainly appear to be the case, judging from the following letter addressed to the *Croix*:—

"The dominant note in the troubles at Algiers has been intentionally passed over in silence by all the Press. It was thus:—

"In the first place, the perfect quiet amidst all the disturbance of the French element in the population. One only had to look at one's neighbour to understand. All felt that this explosion had to come, that it was inevitable. No one was surprised; quite the contrary.

"When the riot became serious and the disturbance general, one saw,

as if by enchantment, all the French houses cover themselves with inscriptions of this kind written by hand or on printed placards: French and Catholic house. Christian house. Catholic shop. No Jews in this house. We are all Christians and Catholics. Long live France! Down with the Jews!

"Well, on that day Algiers made a more open demonstration on the side of Christ than it had ever done before. She put herself spontaneously, openly, under the protection of Christ. All was clear at a glance; Christian, anti-Jew; there are for you the two inseparable terms.

"Who had given this *mot d'ordre*?

"Who had suggested this idea? Ah! no one, if it was not Christ Himself, the Christ who loves the Franks, and to whom one must needs come back, since He alone is the Saviour.

"What is more, the protection vouchsafed was clear, palpable, and evident. Not a French house, nor even a foreign one, nor an Arab one either, suffered the least harm; yet close beside they pillaged everything in the Jew's home, very often when it stood between two non-Jewish shops. Not a single mistake was made. The French traders had no fear for themselves for a single moment. And even if the pillage had lasted longer, they would have come to no harm. No one had any misgivings.

"France, under the protection of Christ, shielded all, save only the traitors. May she, therefore, at last come to realize what influence she will wield in the world in proportion as she makes it more and more clear what she really is, namely before all things, Christian and Catholic."

The *Pèlerin* of February 13th, 1898, has brutal caricatures on p. 12 of Dreyfus on his island. On February 20th, 1898, a full-page coloured illustration of General Mercier, at the Zola trial, swearing with quiet recklessness—that "Dreyfus is a traitor, and justly condemned." On p. 16 another cartoon, in which Henry is depicted insulting Picquart in the presence of the judges, along with offensive caricatures of Zola, his counsel, and of various Jews.

March 20th, 1898, a coloured full-page illustration of the Comte de Mun, who declared in the Chamber that he

would like to see all Dreyfusards taken and strangled without ceremony. On the last page a coloured cartoon representing a stage on which a French artisan, with votes and ballot boxes, is in conflict with a Jew, caricatured in the usual way, and scattering gold pieces. The stage lights throw their shadows on the background, and the shadow of the artisan appears as Christ with nimbus, that of the Jew as Satan with horns and hoofs.

April 10th, 1898. In the weekly review of events we read this note relative to the Pope's attempted mediation between Spain and America :—

" At the last moment we learn that the Protestants are working might and main to prevent the Holy Father from intervening as a peace-maker."

On page 7 of the same issue is a homily explanatory of the large coloured cartoon of our Lord's Resurrection. It is headed: "*Resurrexit sicut dixit.*" In it we read the following :—

" Christ no doubt is persecuted, flouted, crucified by His enemies. In their speeches they lay Him in the tomb. They cry out that they have done for the Galilean. But the Galilean triumphs after all. He reappears always resplendent in His glory. . . . And Christians sing: '*Resurrexit sicut dixit: Alleluia.*'"

" We must needs say these things in view of the Jewish (*i.e.*, Dreyfusard) agitation. . . .

" They that have sold themselves, that betray everything for the Jew's gold, conscience, justice, honour, religious convictions, country—these keep up their odious traffic. And they say: 'We will put an end to it all, to religion, to Christ, to all they love who are not of our race.' . . . Yet we shall see those whom the devil inspires reduced to silence. Let them utter their savage cries. The Cross of Jesus Christ will triumph over them. In the hour marked out by Providence, the agitation of impiety will cease. . . . Catholics, let us never be discouraged."

As the general elections of May 8th draw nigh, the *Pèlerin* provides various forms of prayer and pious exercises destined to secure the triumph of Saint Michel over Lucifer—that is, of the Church over the Republic. In the issue for April 28th is a cartoon of M. Brisson, the subsequent author of Revision. He sits in the Tribune of the Chamber with the *Croix* before him, and behind, Time, armed with Scythe and Watch, touches him on the shoulder. About this time the French Catholics organized a league of “Justice—Égalité,” as they called it, for electoral purposes. The *Croix* and the *Pèlerin* advertised it, and it had its headquarters at their office, 8, Rue Francois I^{er}. The religious papers claim that it was a great success, and Catholics certainly won many fresh seats, and had large minorities in places which in former years they had not dared even to contest. In the *Pèlerin* for April 24th, 1898, is to be found a copy of the manifesto, with a form of personal adhesion attached, of the *Secretariat d'Action Electorale Catholique*—“Justice—Égalité.” It runs as follows:—

“SIR,—The elections for the legislature require of us urgent efforts and sacrifices. The boldness and the unspeakable manœuvres of the Dreyfus syndicate demonstrate the immensity of the danger.

“The Committee of the Catholic Canvassing Committee—‘Justice—Equality’—calls upon men of heart, Catholic patriots, to join together as one man and oppose the coalition of sectaries and revolutionaries.

“It is a question of saving all works Catholic and French, and of saving our country itself.

“The work of Catholic organization has made good progress during the last year, but is still very inadequate. Men and money are wanted in order to put forward good candidates.—L. LAYA, Advocate at the Court of Appeal, General Secretary, 22, Cours la Reine.”

On May, 15th, 1898, the elections were over, and we read in the weekly review of the *Pèlerin* the following :—

"The election of Drumont at Algiers, in spite of the efforts of the Government and of the Governor, M. Lépine, the pitiful fall of M. Reinach, the friend of Dreyfus, mark a new and favourable phase in the progress of anti-Semitism. Solemn prayers have been offered for the elections in many dioceses and will be renewed before the final balloting."

The *Pèlerin* of Sunday, June 5th, 1898, contains a flaming testimonial from Cardinal Rampolla to the religious work achieved by itself and by the *Croix*. It is addressed to "T. R. P. Picard, General Superior of the Augustinian Assumptionists," the Order that owns and runs these journals. On the last page is a cartoon representing Satan interviewing M. Goblet, in a manner apparently little relished by this unsuccessful politician, who lost his seat on May 8th, 1898.

The *Pèlerin* of June 12th has a cartoon of its favourite politicians, MM. de Cassagnac, Millevoye, Déroulède, Piou, Motte, Lerolle, and Drumont, the rump of the Boulangist party, and all of them now partisans of a *coup d'état* by the Church and Army combined.

Let us turn to the political supplement of the *Pèlerin*. It is in newspaper form, four sides with four columns each. As a frontispiece we have a large engraving of Christ stretched upon the cross, with the legend *Christus Vincit*. Beneath are a biblical text and a calendar for the week. On the second page, at the back of the engraving, is printed the Gospel lesson for the day in French. A notice heads the letterpress to the effect that the journal is edited at 8, Rue Francois I^{er}, Paris and at all the bureaux of the supplements of *La Croix*.

We take up the number for Sunday, February 13th, 1898. The biblical text beneath the crucified one is this:—"Arise, O Lord: Why dost Thou slumber? Arise, and turn us not away for ever. Why dost Thou turn away Thy face? Why forgettest Thou us in our distress?" Underneath this text is a large print review of the week's events, the first paragraph of which is abuse of Zola and his counsel. Next comes a paragraph headed:—"Masses offered for the Church of St. Joachim," from which we learn that this paper, the *Croix*, has been the means of 45,000 masses being offered to the Holy Father, and that the generosity of the faithful is such that promises of 500 to 1,000 masses and more reach every day the office of the *Croix*, 8, Rue Francois I^{er}. These figures give some idea of the enormous circulation enjoyed by the paper.

In the second column, side by side with the engraving of Jesus on the cross, is the leading article, entitled "The Plot." It begins thus:—

"Labourers, workmen, traders, the Dreyfus-Zola Scandal, so systematically worked by all who hate France, demonstrates that our country is the prey of a foreign invasion. . . . The interests of the nation are daily betrayed to the foreigner by this German-Jewish band, under the cover of freemasonry.

"The accomplices more or less wilful of these criminal efforts are these:—

"1. The Protestant Sectararies who are led astray by a confessional solidarity (*solidarité confessionnelle*), and for whom the true fatherland is in London and Berlin.

"2. The Socialist agitators, who, under the guidance of Prussian Jews, aim at destroying all the forces of society."

There follows much more of the same kind, very sug-

gestive that Drumont hires out his pen to the *Croix*. On the next page Scheurer-Kestner is abused for being a Protestant. The editors also gloat over the fact that the members of the Dreyfus syndicate are nearly lynched by the mob on their way to and from the law-court. "Why not put them all in prison?" they ask. On the third page is an account of the electoral agitation conducted by the *Croix*, which ends thus:—

"The league of the *Ave Maria* forms an invincible army. See how Providence forestalls our wishes—the Dreyfus-Zola affair! The enemies of France and of the Church could not have invented anything better calculated to discover to patriots the awful international plot which we have incessantly denounced."

In the issue of March 13th, 1898, our eye lights on a paragraph which shows that the teaching of the Jesuit organ *Civiltà Cattolica* has not been thrown away. It is headed: *Pas de Juifs*, and runs thus:—

"In the *Assemblée Agricole* of the East of France the following resolution has been adopted:

"We will vote for no candidates who will not pledge themselves to propose, support, and pass a law forbidding Jews to have electoral rights or to exercise civil and military functions.

"We ask all Catholics and patriots to adopt this platform at the elections."

"Here (adds the *Croix*) is a programme short, clear, and simple. It will be easy to propose and even force it on candidates at election meetings."

The exclusion of Jews from all citizenship has, as was pointed out above, been consistently urged by Drumont, particularly in an article in the *Libre Parole* of December 21st, 1894, at the time of the Dreyfus court-martial.

April 10th, 1898, was Easter Sunday; the Calvary was

the *Pèlerin's* supplement, the *Croix* had a plate representing our Lord's Resurrection. Alongside of both is a manifesto of the "*Justice—Égalité*" league, in which the faithful are thanked for the prayers they have offered and the subscriptions they have sent, and then stimulated to fresh exertions by the following appeal:—

"God is good, and He comes visibly to aid our dear country. . . .

"The committee '*Justice—Égalité*' addresses to the French Army and to its chiefs the expression of its respectful and sympathetic admiration.

"And utters the fervent hope: That the French electors will deal summarily at the coming elections with the manœuvres of the Dreyfus Syndicate:—

"1. By refusing their votes to any candidate who is allied with the Jewry and with Freemasonry, and who is not a resolute opponent of the Dreyfus Syndicate.

"2. By putting forward in every electoral district, and energetically supporting candidates who are French by nationality and origin and of proved patriotism."

On Sunday, April 17th, the *Croix* has a fresh article on the electoral situation. After a bitter attack on Protestants we read this:—

"Is it too much to require that future deputies should have no pacts with the partisans of the traitor Dreyfus? . . .

"Fervent prayers are raised to Heaven. The leaguers of the *Ave-Maria* will do wonders. The readers of the *Croix* and adherents of the committee '*Justice—Égalité*' will fight like lions, and God will give them the victory.

"Let us not forget that the elections take place on May the 8th, the Feast of Jeanne d'Arc and of St. Michel."

On April 24th, under the rubric *Gazette*, the following:—

"A fresh symptom of the decay of anti-clericalism:—

"The *commis-voyageurs* (merchant travellers), whose impieties used to be famous at *tables d'hôte*, and who, in Gambetta's time, were exalted as the

destroyers of clericalism, now never travel without an important document, their certificate of baptism.

"Every time one of them is asked, 'But are you not a Jew?' he answers, 'I! Never. Here is my baptismal certificate.'"

These truly pious bagmen remind us strangely of the Christian and Catholic colonists of Algiers, a city where, if you enter a Jewish shop you run the risk of being photographed in doing so by a Catholic artist, who lurks outside in order to your subsequent identification and exposure as a friend of the Jews.

The same issue contains, under the capital rubric:— "*Candidat, Répondez*," hints for the heckling of candidates at the approaching election.

"Let us rather see who you are.

"Here are three questions. Enlighten us and answer frankly.

"Are you *in favour of liberty for all* except for evil and for evil-doers?

"Are you for the *equality* of all good and true Frenchmen?

"Or, on the contrary, are you a grovelling valet of the new aristocracy, and do you believe in restoring privileges simply and solely in favour of Freemasons, foreign Jews, Panamists and Sectaries (*i.e.*, Protestants).

"CANDIDATE, ANSWER!

"ARE YOU THE FRIEND OF JEWS?

"The friend of Jews is not our friend. . . .

"What think you of Zola?

"What think you of the traitor Dreyfus and of the Syndicate?

"The electors must know; for it is said already that the weak-kneed ones of the Government have promised to capitulate on the morrow of the elections to the influences of Jews, Protestants, Masons and foreigners, and to revise the Dreyfus case.

"If you were a deputy would you be in the flock of the Syndicate?

"Would you be with those who will basely forsake the Army?

"Will you be one of the dumb dogs?

"Are you a Freemason? . . ."

The issue of May 1st has, along with a letter of advice how to vote from the Archbishop of Aix, the text of another broadside issued for voters by the Committee "*Justice—Égalité.*" This committee, the reader must bear in mind, is composed of ecclesiastics, and has its headquarters in the office of the editors of the *Pèlerin* and the *Croix*. It is entitled *Les Sans-patrie*, and we reproduce one or two *flosculi* from it:—

"Frenchmen, it appertains to your good sense and patriotism to frustrate the plot of the international Jewry, represented by Dreyfus the traitor, and Zola the Italian, to parry the blow levelled by Freemasonry. Patriots, to-day more than ever, it needs be that our loved France should be kept for the French.* . . .

"No more slavery! But a France independent, proud, and respected.

"Down with the Jews! Down with the Freemasons!

"To the Devil's Island with all anti-patriots!"

There is about the above, as indeed about most that meets the eye in these remarkable religious newspapers, the true ring of Drumont and Déroulède, and of the other friends and allies of the hired traitor Esterhazy. In the same issue we have the text of another electoral broadsheet or placard, also sold at the rate of fifty for the half-franc. It is entitled: "Freemasons, let us have no more of them!" From it we learn that the Freemasons "form an *imperium in imperio*," that "they take their *mot d'ordre* from Lemmi, the great enemy of France, from the Cornelius Herz, the Artons, the great Panama swindlers, from the Dreyfus, the Zolas . . ." we are begged to "remember that nearly all the per-

* "*La France aux Français*" is the motto which Drumont sets at the head of his paper, the *Libre Parole*.

sonages mixed up with the *procès* Zola-Dreyfus were members of the lodges." It ends thus :—

"We must have no more of them. Why? *Because they excite and keep up a war of religion (!)* Full of tenderness for the Jews, full of regard for the Protestants, they are ever filled with a sectarian hatred of the religion of the majority of Frenchmen. . . ."

On May 8th, the day of the elections, we read that :—

"The army of Catholics and patriots has aroused itself. They thought it was dead and buried. The sectaries and Dreyfusards affected to trample on us. To-day they change their tune. Very few are the departments which hold aloof from the Catholic and patriotic movement. All the worse for them! . . . The Catholic executive committee '*Justice—Egalité*' is to-day known all over France, and shelters itself under the shadow of *La Croix*. It feels the heart of France palpitate with a marvellous impulse of generosity. In a few weeks it has received 120,000 francs, and will go on receiving money till the balloting is over; for it is necessary to contribute to the cost of numerous candidatures. . . . God be praised! Its efforts have not been in vain. The results won are most encouraging. Henceforth France has a Catholic organization."

One more extract will suffice. It is from a leader in the *supplément politique* of the *Pèlerin* for July 10th entitled, *Toujours Dreyfus* :—

"Here we are plunged again into the cursed Dreyfus affair. The Jews and their accomplices, partisans of the traitor, have sworn to move heaven and earth. All the worse for them if they provoke fresh troubles inside our country and even complications with foreign nations. . . .

"Shall we then never have done with this business?

"Is there then no law to chastise these partisans of a traitor who give rise to the gravest difficulties, and threaten to plunge the country into revolution or war?

"Alas! The truth must be avowed. The triumph of the masonic sect in France is withal that of the international Jewry. Even if this band does not govern outright, anyhow no one dares to govern without and in

spite of it. If you lay hands on the lowest of these wretches, you at once bring the whole sect, the whole Jewry about your ears. They dared to strike Dreyfus and send him to the Devil's Island. The blow fell upon them all, and they are resolved to return it, blow for blow."

The above extracts, culled from sixteen issues only of these "religious" journals, could be multiplied indefinitely by anyone who cared to run his eye through their files for the whole of the year 1898, and especially through the file of the daily *Croix*.^{*} They bear out the following conclusions:—

1. The French bishops, throughout the year 1898, allowed their Church to identify itself with the cause of the guilty *État-Major*, to ally itself with a band of forgers, assassins, and traitors, whom as Christians they should have led the way in denouncing and repudiating.

2. They cannot plead that they knew no better, and had no data upon which to form a judgment. As early as November, 1897, the innocence of Dreyfus and the guilt of Esterhazy were established; and the documents and depositions published before the end of February, 1898, were more than sufficient as a basis for a clear and certain pronouncement on the merits of the case. Intelligent persons all over France, especially the Protestants, recognized the truth; the whole civilized world outside France recognized it. The French bishops, through their relations with the outside Catholic world, were peculiarly well situated to come by the truth, had they wished to do so.

3. They have allowed Drumont to come forward and

^{*} There are several religious journals of this name in France. They give different local news, but are all alike in sentiment.

pose *urbi et orbi* as the political spokesman of French Catholicism. They have suffered their religious journals all over France to disseminate the gospel of Drumont, a man whom future generations of Frenchmen will execrate as the evil genius of his country in this last decade of the nineteenth century, as the preacher of civil war, as the apostle of religious hatreds and intolerance; of anarchy and assassination, of fraud and injustice, of forgery and treason, the friend, apologist, and accomplice.

4. The French bishops have allowed all this without a single protest. In private they have encouraged it. They have hoped to exploit the popularity of the French Army on behalf of religion as they conceive it. They have not cared whether Dreyfus was innocent or Esterhazy guilty. All they saw in their shortsightedness was the ephemeral truth that Dreyfus would make a good stick with which to belabour Freemasons, Protestants, and Republicans of conviction. Accordingly by nerveless acquiescence, where not by active participation, they have caused the faithful to stumble.

5. The French Jesuits, in particular, are responsible. For firstly, they in their great school of the *Rue des Postes* educate the vast majority of French officers; they turn them out devout Catholics in opinion, and Royalists in their sympathies. But they have not used their influence over their pupils, young and old, on behalf of humanity, justice, truth, and of that peace and brotherhood between officer and officer which is essential to the well-being of a national army. Secondly, they have not repudiated Drumont and his works. Thirdly, in their official organ the *Civiltà Cattolica* they preach the very doctrine which

is the keynote of all Drumont's works, and which constitutes the official programme of the party of treason and injustice, of violence and forgery. Fourthly, the intimate connection between their Order and the *Libre Parole* of Drumont has been attested by Drumont himself.

6. The Catholic party in the French Chamber, led by the Comte Albert de Mun, has above every other party distinguished itself by its bitter hostility to the cause of justice and humanity. It would be unfair to the leading spirits of this party to suppose that they have any illusions about the innocence or guilt of Dreyfus and Esterhazy. Nevertheless, when Drumont in the course of last December appealed for subscriptions with which to prosecute MM. Yves Guyot and Reinach, as many as 300 Royalist and Catholic princes, dukes, marquises, counts, and viscounts of France hastened to record in the columns of the *Libre Parole* their unfeigned admiration for Henry the forger, and accomplice in treason of Esterhazy. All these personages are devoted sons of the Latin Church. To the mottoes which they append to their subscriptions we will presently refer.

It is improbable that the English reading public have much insight into the inner spirit of the French clerical party, or the present writer would not have been called to task by his reviewers in *The Times*, in *Literature*, in *The Glasgow Herald*, and in *The Outlook*, and *Pall Mall Gazette*, for his criticisms of the attitude in the Dreyfus case of the French Church and Jesuits. That these journals are so reluctant to believe evil of the Latin Church abroad is really a high tribute to the patriotism, honesty, and humanity of those who within these islands

are adherents thereof. To praise the English ultramontanes for these qualities would be to insult them ; because it would be to impute to them the possibility of being other than, as English subjects, trained like the rest of us in self-government, self-reliance, religious tolerance, and political fair play, they must necessarily be. They, no doubt, have been as much in the dark as many others, with respect to the sinister and self-compromising line taken in this terrible business by the French Church—a Church which is only too ready to miss great moral issues when they are set before it, and to cause others to miss them. A true friend would surely suggest to English Catholics that they might do worse than send out missionaries to their French co-religionists to instruct them in the elementary principles of political righteousness. English Catholics have surely a vital interest to save, if they can, from moral bankruptcy the eldest daughter of their Church.

The demoralization wrought by the anti-Semitic Press, to which we must reckon the religious journals above examined to belong, is painfully shown in the posthumous honours which its readers heap upon Colonel Henry. That this officer was a perjured and self-convicted forger was an acknowledged fact ; yet this Press has ever since his death acclaimed him as a patriot, a hero, a martyr of the Jews. M. Charles Maurras in the royalist *Gazette de France*, the *doyenne* of Paris papers, long ago extolled this miscreant as a suitable object of a *culte domestique* in every French home, and declared that nothing but “ the scruples of a mischievous *half-Protestant* education restrained ” the Revisionist Press from doing honour to his memory.

More recently Colonel Henry's widow, for whom everyone must feel the deepest pity, has been instigated by the military faction to prosecute MM. Yves Guyot and Joseph Reinach for an article written by the latter in the *Siècle*, of which M. Guyot is editor. This article was an attempt to gauge the extent of Colonel Henry's complicity in treason with Esterhazy, who, be it remembered, in his memoirs, admits that he has been for twenty years the intimate friend of Henry, whereas the latter's widow denies that they ever knew each other until the middle of the year 1898. The drift of M. Reinach's article was identical with that of one which appeared from the present writer's pen in the NATIONAL REVIEW for December, 1898.

The kindest thing would have been to dissuade this poor lady from a prosecution which, if impartially conducted, can only involve her husband's memory in fresh infamy. But to the partisans of the *État-Major*, who hope to have another Judge Délegorgue or Périvier to plead before, it seems a splendid opportunity of wreaking vengeance on the two men who have been so strenuous in the uphill fight for truth and justice. Accordingly, the *Libre Parole* opened in December a subscription list to raise funds wherewith to sustain this ill-timed suit. Royalists and Catholics all over France hastened to subscribe, and within a fortnight 130,000 francs were raised. As is often the case with partisans inspired by mere passion to open their purses, many contributors accompanied their subscriptions with an expression of their inmost feelings; and, if we glance down the lists of the *Libre Parole*, we meet with many such entries as these:—

"St. Bartholomew's night saved France from dismemberment, 2 francs.

"A. Baillière and one of his friends, who would like to see 100,000 Jews and other traitors to the country guillotined, 100 francs."

As there are less than 80,000 Jews in France, this friend of Esterhazy leaves a good margin.

"For the widow of Henry, for the extermination of the Jew and of the Huguenot, 1 franc.

"Out of France with the Jews! A St. Bartholomew's for the Freemasons, 8 francs.

"A group of officers who impatiently wait for the order to experiment with the new explosives and new cannon on the 100,000 Jews who poison the country, 25 francs.

"A.V. For the complete extermination of the *youtres*, 1 franc.

"Some gold while we wait for lead! Ariste and Jeanne, 20 francs.

"One who begins to understand St. Bartholomew's in view of the anti-patriotic attitude of the Protestants, C. L., 6 francs. 50.

"R. J. For the extermination of Jews and those indoctrinated by them, 2 francs.

"Out of France with Jews or let them be hung, 5 francs.

"The Abbé C. The blood of Colonel Henry cries out for vengeance, 3 francs.

"An *aggrégé* of the university who begins to understand St. Bartholomew's and the 18th Brumaire, 2 francs.

"A *licencié* in history who finds the Inquisition to be an institution of public utility, and St. Bartholomew's a work of national purification, 5 francs.

"Hurrah for a Jewish St. Bartholomew's, M. A. Poisson, 3 francs."

Such is the ferocity inspired by the *Libre Parole* and the *Croix*. It remains to mention what appears to us to be one of the most melancholy signs of the time. This was a sermon preached in the Madeleine on Sunday, December 12th, to a crowded and fashionable congregation by the Père Coubé. For an hour he assailed the Jews with every formula of opprobrium dear to their mediæval

oppressors; and his vast, well-dressed audience uttered not any protest, but greeted the gravest of his insults with a hum of approval. Nevertheless Jesus said: Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Surely this is the lot of the Jew in France at this time. And if a tree is to be known by its fruit, what shall be the judgment on modern French Catholicism?

IL CASO DREYFUS; OR, THE JESUIT VIEW.

IN the last number of this Review I could only refer in passing to a remarkable article, entitled "*Il Caso Dreyfus*," which appeared in the *Civiltà Cattolica* for February 5th, 1898. It was not signed, and it professes to be written from the fixed standpoint of this journal, which has always been recognized as the official exponent of Jesuit opinion. I have been accused of reckless calumny of the Jesuit Order, because in my history of the Dreyfus case I pointed to it as a mainspring of the affair. I now propose, by way of substantiating my opinion, to examine somewhat at length this officially authorized exposition. It begins as follows:—

"In the memory of man there was never got up such a hullabaloo over a legitimate sentence judicially pronounced more than three years before, as has lately been raised all over the civilized world about that which has in France condemned the traitor Captain Dreyfus to perpetual banishment to the Island of the Devil. . . .

"What has unchained such a tempest all of a sudden? Where is the Æolus who has let his reins go? The Count de Mun, amidst the applause of the Chamber, hinted at the truth in the course of December last, when he spoke in veiled language of [a mysterious force, of an occult power,] that has turned France topsy-turvy, all in order to vilify the guardians of her flag. His words called forth loud cheers, when he eloquently appealed to his hearers to defend the honour of the army against this malignant

power; and the ovation awoke echoes from one end of the country to the other.

"The veil was transparent enough. Who did not know the history, open or secret, of the traitor Dreyfus? A captain in the French Army and appointed to the *Etat-Major*, of Alsatian origin, he is a Jew by race and—what is more—he is, so it is said, a leader in Freemasonry. All the same, it was discovered some three years back that he was a common spy, and that he had communicated to a foreign Government, which paid him for them, French documents of great military importance. Brought before a court-martial and convicted of treason, he was by an unanimous vote of the judges condemned to be deported to Guiana.

"The trial was held in secret. The proof of his treason was presented to his defenders in the shape of a *bordereau* or list, authentic and wholly in his handwriting. But the other documents, still more irrefragable, which constituted clear evidence of his guilt, were of such a delicate and ticklish nature that the French Government was not able to divulge them without endangering the safety of the State. For this reason the judges alone, under pledge of the most absolute silence, were made acquainted with them and accorded liberty to examine and study them as much as they liked. Apart from this necessary secrecy, all the rest of the trial was conducted and concluded in accordance with the strictest rules of law."

There are four points in the above which merit attention. The first is that a certain spirit of levity characterizes the words in which the Jesuit editor approaches a question about which most good and reflecting persons, not only in France, but all over the world, already felt the most serious misgivings. The second is the rumour, eagerly caught at by him, that Dreyfus was a Freemason, whereas he was not. Thirdly, we note the assertion about the *bordereau*. To all who had eyes and ears it had been satisfactorily demonstrated three months before that the *bordereau* was not in the handwriting of Dreyfus, but of Esterhazy. Lastly, we must particularly notice the conception of a fair trial, as one in which closed doors

do not suffice, but in which the accused is condemned upon documents freely shown to a dozen officers picked at random, but withheld from the accused and his counsel, who was one of the most upright and loyal members of the French bar. The reason of State advanced by a d'Ormescheville or a Ravary is to countervail all the safeguards of the French military code, which enacts severe penalties against such illegalities. The arch-violator of the law, Mercier, has up to the last stoutly declined to admit that secret evidence was used, and is at least ashamed to publicly confess his crime. Not so the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which begins by frankly avowing and palliating a felony which strikes at the basis of modern society. Its political conscience has not advanced beyond the *lettre de cachet*.

Section 2 of the article begins thus—

(“The brand of treason to his country was thus for ever stamped on the forehead of this misbegotten Hebrew.) Nor did the public ever doubt in the least that it was deserved, seeing that a court-martial, in which loyalty and honour joined hands, had impressed it. (And this brand was burned into the brow not of Dreyfus only, but of cosmopolite Jews at large.) (Most painfully of all, its smart was felt by the colony of them which dominates France.)”)

I have been blamed by English members of the Society of Jesus for writing of the Dreyfus trial that in it “the Jesuits had secured their victim, their indispensable traitor. . . .” Henceforward, I have said, they could argue “that Dreyfus being a traitor, all Jews were traitors as well.” I think no one who reads the *Civiltà Cattolica* will dispute my assertion.

The Jesuit publicist next relates to us how the Jews

were emancipated in France and given equal rights with other citizens. This, he remarks, "was a corollary of the so-called principles of 1789, the yoke of which was then imposed on the necks of Frenchmen."

After this subtle tribute to the merits of the *ancien régime*, the writer proceeds to combine in one sentence two misstatements. ("By means of immigration from Germany, their race has increased in France, not out of measure indeed, but so much that one already counts 130,000 of them.") It is well known that nearly all Jews who have entered France during the last 100 years, the Dreyfus family in particular and the Reinachs, are immigrants, and often patriotic refugees, from Alsace and Lorraine, and not from Germany at all. The last French census also shows that the entire number of Jews in France is 75,000, about half of the above estimate.

There follows an unaccountably over-coloured picture of the influence and power of the French Jews. The modicum of truth in it is that the Jews, along with the Huguenots, the secular victims of the Latin Church, have allied themselves, as it was their right and duty to do, with that party in French politics which opposed the machinations of the Vatican against the Republic and against those principles of liberty, truth, and justice which, until yesterday, that form of government symbolized in France. Such is the sense which we may attach to the words in which the *Civiltà* sums up its reflections on this point, viz., these :—

"Masonry, mistress of the State, depends servilely upon the Jews; and by means of it they hold in their hands the Republic, which for that reason has been called *Hebraic* rather than French."

After this approval of the favourite thesis of Drumont, the Jesuit organ complacently reproduces an absurd calumny of Edouard Demachy, the scoundrel who tried, and tried in vain, to blackmail the Rothschilds. It is useful to notice this calumny, because it reveals the inner mind of the clerical party in France towards Protestant England.

"As regards the English occupation of Egypt, it was possible to assure the Government of London that a single one of the Jews (? Baron Rothschild) could be relied upon to hocus the Press, the Ministers, and the Parliament of France."

In a similar strain of confiding simplicity, M. Drumont announced in the *Libre Parole* of October 15th, 1898, that M. Delcassé's policy of evacuating the Upper Nile was inspired by Mr. Strong and myself:

"Les rodomontades anglaises nous laissent froids. Malheureusement, elles n'ont pas le même effet sur Delcassé, qui en remplit ses culottes et dont la politique extérieure est dirigée par Conybeare et le gentleman Strong."

But we must return to the *Civiltà Cattolica*. After propounding seriously the fiction of Drumont that the French Jews own 80 out of the 260 milliards of property which there are in France, it proceeds to a friendly appreciation of that author's labours.

"It is true," it writes, "that anti-Semitism had already taken vigorous root, but it was more economical than political and national. The school of Edward Drumont, which has waged war most pertinaciously on the Jews, appeared to many to lean towards some sort of Socialism rather than towards a Christianity of justice and civil right. (However, the Dreyfus case proved a lamp which shed the light abroad better than all the books, pamphlets, and journalistic articles in the world could do.)"

We shall see presently how the modern Jesuits conceive of a *christianesimo equo e civile*. Meanwhile we must reproduce their caricature of an agitation in which all who were participators were noble and disinterested men, who had pure justice and the redress of a fraudulent iniquity for their aim, and whose action will in future generations be surely recognized as the only bright side of this miserable episode. It is as follows:—

"The treason and condemnation of Alfred Dreyfus were regarded by cosmopolite Judaism as a terrible blow falling on all alike. Some steps had to be taken to remedy it. But how? Jewish subtlety excogitated the subterfuge of a judicial error, which might be feigned to have occurred."

Logic Let the reader not forget that our writer has already admitted that the Dreyfus verdict was illegally obtained by use of secret evidence. He continues thus:—

"Taking its stand on the revelations made by Rochefort in the *Intransigent* (the Hebrew Congress held last summer in Basle had for its pretext to discuss the recovery of Jerusalem); but it was really held to hatch the whole conspiracy. The Hebrews were joined in it by Protestants of high position. An Israelitish syndicate was formed, which raised the millions necessary to the success of so difficult an undertaking. Rochefort has affirmed that by October the first four of these millions had already been raised, pretty well all in Germany. So far one does not know how much has been raised in France. More than others the Jew takes it for his axiom that *pecuniæ obediunt omnia*. . . . (One thing is certain, that gold flowed in rivulets through the market of venal busybodies, scribblers, lawyers, and journalists of every country.) (In various styles and all sorts of ways they were hired to win regard and public pity for the 'innocent victim' of a trial hurried through behind closed doors, for the 'martyr confined in the Devil's Island.')" *right*

Mark how this writer borrows from Drumont his whole explanation of the Dreyfus agitation, his entire political

philosophy; how also he welcomes the fables of a man like Rochefort. And in the fourth section of his essay he almost surpasses them in their own peculiar style of writing; for he tilts at what he is pleased to call "the Jewish and Judaizing journalism of the two worlds." (He tells us of "the mass of fables, lies, impostures, resorted to" by the Dreyfusards; he weeps over "the foul trick played on the unfortunate Major Esterhazy, by way of shifting on to his shoulders the weight of Dreyfus' sins." He exults in the Major's "triumphant acquittal by the Court-Martial of Jan. 11.") Then he dwells *con amore* of course, on the "abominable patronage (of Dreyfus) by Emile Zola, the filthiest novelist that ever contaminated France"; as if the greater number of French romanticists, with Paul Bourget at their head, were not now basking in Royalist saloons, as their reward for sympathizing with Drumont; and as if a great author's noble championship of truth and right were the less noble by reason of faults which characterize them equally with him.

Zola, we learn, was "in the last resort joined by way of ally by the ex-frate, the apostate Hyacinth Loyson." To the mind of the writer of the *Civiltà* the whole "dirty plot," as he calls it, is clear; and he once more goes to Rochefort for a choice of language in which to describe it:—

"Rochefort," he writes, "adverse as he is to all religious faith, summing up the obscene history of such heinous wickedness, has ended by defining it as a 'great conspiracy of anti-Catholic and anti-French interests.' (In this conspiracy Protestantism has played a leading part, with its Lutherans and Calvinists, Scheurer-Kestner, Gabriel Monod, Trarieux, Leblois, and other half-hearted paladins of the ignoble Jewish joust.) And by way of keeping it going the Anarchists and Socialists at last took the field, with a tail of a few Liberalist associations and bands of law students from Italy.)

All this concentration of trickery, perfidies, and intrigues opened the eyes of all who were not resolved to keep them shut; and as a consequence public opinion, which the Synagogue had hoped to capture, revolted when it looked it in the face and saw it unmasked. So much so that in the end Masonry did not dare to openly take sides with it. . . . Hence the general applause with which the Deputies greeted the noble words of the Count de Mun when he exposed and crushed their dark machinations. Hence the unanimous votes given in Chamber and Senate to the Minister who declared that the betrayer of the flag and country had been properly and duly condemned. Thus put to the test, the Masonic brethren of the two assemblies were obliged to cold-shoulder their Jewish brethren and patrons, and to applaud anyone who pointed to them as enemies of France, and felons."

Such a passage as this in the official journal of the Society of Jesus amply confirms the explanation supplied in the February number of this Review of the attitude assumed in the Dreyfus case by the Latin Church and its journals. They wanted a scourge for the backs of the Protestants and friends of freedom, and they found it ready to hand in the Dreyfus agitation. It was a real good fortune to them to be able to exploit the natural and unassailable popularity which in France the Army enjoys. How successfully they wielded the whip is seen, if we examine the election manifesto of M. Lebret, the present Minister of Justice in France, and the chief author of the *loi de circonstance* lately devised to deprive the hapless victim of the last chance of being justly tried. The clauses of that manifesto are so many capitulations to the electoral questions drawn up by the monkish editors of the *Croix* and *Pèlerin*.

"Je ne suis ni juif, ni franc-maçon !

"Je ne suis l'ami ni de M. Trarieux, ni de M. Reinach, dont tous les

bons Français ont jugé la conduite. Dreyfus a été justement condamné, et je suis énergiquement opposé à toute agitation ayant pour but la Revision de son procès. Comme tous les patriotes, je réproouve hautement la campagne infâme menée en faveur du traître par un Syndicat de Sans-patrie.

"En votant pour moi, vous ferez justice des ignobles calomnies affichées à la dernière heure sous le voile de l'anonyme, et vous vous associerez à ma confiance inaltérable dans l'armée nationale.

"Vive l'Armée!!

"Vive la République!!"—GEORGES LEBRET.

It will be seen at a glance how this confession of faith of a so-called Republican answers line by line to the code of intimidation compiled by the Catholic electoral committee and scattered all over France in May, 1898, in myriads of posters. I translated this code in the last number of this Review, and now, that it may be the better compared with M. Lebreton's manifesto, I cite it in French.

CANDIDAT, REPONDEZ!

"ETES-VOUS L'AMI DES JUIFS?

"L'ami des juifs n'est pas le nôtre. . . .

"Que pensez-vous de Zola?

"Que pensez-vous du traître Dreyfus et du syndicat?

"Il faut que les électeurs le sachent, car on dit déjà que les *faiblards du gouvernement* ont promis de capituler au lendemain des élections devant l'influence juives, protestantes, maçonniques et étrangères et de réviser le procès Dreyfus.

"Si vous étiez député, serez-vous dans le troupeau de moutons du syndicat?

"Serez-vous avec ceux qui lâcheront l'armée?

"Serez-vous parmi les chiens muets?

"CANDIDAT, REPONDEZ!

"Etes-vous franc-maçon? . . .

"Nous voulons que la *chambre* gouverne au nom de la France.

"Et non le Grand-Orient, au nom de la franc-maçonnerie cosmopolite.

" Nous voulons être en Republique française et non en franc-maçonnerie enjuivée et allemande.

" Candidat, Répondez. Etes-vous franc-maçon."

It is the secular policy of the Vatican to strengthen and consolidate the power and authority of its priests by fair means or foul in France or elsewhere. Sometimes it trips and falls into ambushes laid by Léo Taxils and Diana Vaughans. Over the Dreyfus case also it may reap the whirlwind where it has sown with the wind. Meanwhile, it has by means of it succeeded in intimidating scores of the weaker-kneed Republicans.*

We must once more return to the *Civiltà Cattolica*. The Jesuit essayist has quoted a saying which he attributes to Bismarck, that "God created the Jew in order that he might serve as a spy to anybody who was in want of one"; and in the last three of the seven sections into which he divides his diatribe, he considers the problem of what position to give to the "Jewish spy" in a Christian State where justice and civil equality shall prevail. He begins this part of his subject thus—

"The thing which most grieves and terrifies the cosmopolite Jewry is the practical conclusion which people are beginning to draw from all this witches' carnival. The civil *parity* which the Jew now enjoys notwithstanding his national disparity is beginning to be regarded as constituting a real privilege, not to be justified at the bar of true reason, and on many grounds dangerous to the welfare of a country. In France, and as a result elsewhere, anti-Semitism, from being economical, is ever more and more

* A flippant friend remarks to me of Georges Lebreton as follows:—

"When I peruse the *credo* of this betrayer of the last stronghold of his country's honour, I can well believe that, after reciting it before a mob of *Pèlerins*, he turned up his eyes to heaven, crossed himself devoutly, and like the pious bagmen, dear to the heart of assumptionist monks, handed all round a copy of his baptismal certificate."

becoming political, and winning general adhesion. This is seen in the various proposals for putting legal restrictions on Jews, which are everywhere being discussed, and are widely and more than usual regarded as necessary. (The racial solidarity of Jews, anterior and superior in them to all patriotism of any kind, has, owing to the outcry raised over the Dreyfus case, been made as clear as day and brought home to the popular mind.) That the Jew, however much he be naturalized, can never cease to be first a Jew and then a citizen of the country in which he was born and raised to equality with its people, is to-day a truth accepted as an irrefutable postulate. The truth is at last being brought home to Frenchmen; and the pretended error of justice, invented in 1897 by the Jews in order to rescue one of themselves who is a felon to France, is being transformed into a clear demonstration (of the true political error committed by the Assembly which in 1791 conferred French nationality on the Jews.)

Our essayist next looks about for authorities that support his view, and, as we might expect, (begins with *auth.* J. E. M. Portalis, the reactionary and clerical instrument of Napoleon I. a hundred years ago.) The passage which he quotes from this author is a sure indication of what is really uppermost in the Jesuit's mind, for it is one in which Portalis argues for the exclusion of Jews from citizenship on the score of their religion. "The truth," blandly observes our writer, "thus lucidly set forth by Portalis has been amply demonstrated in the *Civiltà Cattolica*."

Another authority quoted is the manifesto addressed by thirty-one members of the Roumanian Parliament to the Powers when, in 1878, these claimed to impose on the Roumanian State a law granting civil equality to the Jews. In this manifesto we read the following:—

"The Jews form not only a religious sect, but a complex indelibly peculiar in respect of race, and of those definite beliefs of nationality which cause every one of them to remain, though immersed among other

people, a Jew. Hence it is impossible for them to form blood-relationships with other peoples, and impossible for others to share with them their feelings, which are directly opposed in every way to those of Christians. And the strongest obstacle lies in their religion, which for them is law at once sacred and civil, and which fixes their cult as well as their political and social organization."

It is evident from their use of the above citation that it is ultimately the religion of the Jew which, in the opinion of these successors of Loyola, disqualifies him for citizenship; and they prize the effete wisdom of Portalis or the prejudices of a half civilized Roumanian more highly than the counsel of the great civilized Powers of Europe.

Our publicist next refers with satisfaction to the various proposals made in the French Chamber during the last year or two, and eagerly adopted by the party of the Count de Mun for exceptional treatment of the Jews. He particularly exults in M. de Beauregard's proposal of January 12th, 1898, to deprive them of citizenship. This proposal, he complacently remarks, was the result of the scandals which followed the acquittal of Esterhazy.

He next looks round for authorities nearer home, and singles out M. L. Vial's book, *Le Juif Roi, comment le détrôner*, Paris, 1897. The character of this book will be judged by the fact—recorded with satisfaction by the *Civiltà*—that it gained the first prize in a competition opened by Drumont in the columns of the *Libre Parole* for the best book against the Jews. This book has, so we learn, for its motto the saying of Peter the Venerable: *Servetur iudæis vita, auferatur eis pecunia*. "The means propounded in this book," says our Jesuit essayist, "for ridding France of Jewish influence appear to be on the

whole well conceived and reasonable." He only objects to the last of M. Vial's plans, which is "to hunt out Jews, by love (!) or by force, after the example of Russia, constraining them to leave behind the riches they have plundered."

Probably it is the sense that Russia has a similar short method of dealing with Jesuits, which leads the *Civiltà Cattolica*, not without humble apologies to M. Drumont, *col buona venia di chi gli ha decretato il premio*, to hint that "this last solution of the problem is neither practical nor just nor Christian." Not practical, because even if France did obtain the much-to-be-desired anti-Semitic Government, her social, political, and economic conditions are unlike those of Russia. Not just, because in taking from the Jew his ill-gotten gains, there is a risk of your depriving him also of what he has fairly earned. This is the only obstacle which presents itself to the Jesuit mind in the way of a policy of confiscation which would spare the Christian usurer, but strike down the Jewish one. Not Christian, because not in strict accord with that of the Roman Church and of the Popes.

However, it is chiefly its impracticability which condemns M. Vial's plan. Otherwise it is clear our Jesuit philosopher would adopt it. Where, he asks, could the Jews go, if all nations adopted a plan, otherwise so excellent?

("To the fiery sands of the Sahara or to the frozen seas of the poles.) Moreover, their expulsion *en masse* from every country, even if it were possible, would not be lasting, nay, would be contrary to the designs of God, who, in the people of Israel, cursed and dispersed to every corner of the world, by the mouth of His prophets, has established a manifest proof of the truth of Christianity."

Accordingly in his seventh section our Jesuit friend sums up the view which the reasonings of Portalis, of the Roumanians, of MM. Drumont and Vial, incline him to regard as the only sound one:—

"Nearly the only remedy, and anyhow the most efficacious one, *as we have never ceased for years and years to point out*, lies in a fundamental law agreed upon by the several States, which would assimilate Jews to foreigners and have them treated not as citizens but as strangers. . . . It is no use to cling to the mockery of equality or common rights. To insist on a common right, where social conditions are disparate, is like insisting on one and the same measure for different statures. What is fair and necessary is equal respect for different rights. This is a truth which our ancestors understood thoroughly well, and that is why the civil edifice, erected by them, resulted in a fair harmony and not in the anarchy which in our days is deplorable.

"We need not consider now the details of the many reforms (*sic*) which must accompany this law, in order to reconcile the rights of Christian peoples with the charity and duty due to Jews. It is enough for us to insist on the point which is most important, and we could wish that it were unanimously inculcated with the eloquence which is wasted in preaching other means by those who merely beat the air."

Such, then, is the Jesuit ideal. Jews because of their religion, and because the Dreyfus case demonstrates that they are a race of spies, are to be deprived of the elementary rights of citizenship and given that status of pariahs which Christians enjoy in Turkey. The Jesuit Order is the brain of modern Latin Catholicism; and such is the net result of its reasonings.

And as we turn over the pages of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and I have waded through the whole of its dreary series for the year 1898, we form the conviction that the civil rights of Protestants would—if Jesuits had their way—very soon follow those of Jews. In number after number

the French Protestants who, led by men like Trarieux and Scheurer-Kestner, have so nobly come forward as the champions of truth and justice are held up to contempt and abhorrence. If anyone doubts this, let him run his eye through the pages which chronicle the development of the Dreyfus case in the issues of Jan. 1st, Feb. 6th, Feb. 19th (p. 497), March 5th, May 7th. The comment on the case at this last date is particularly noticeable, because in his letter to *The Times* of Jan. 17th, M. de Mun, the leader of the French Catholic party, has declared that it was "a complete error" on my part to connect the French Catholics so closely as I have done with anti-Semitism, and to lay upon them a prime share of its guilt. He has declared that

"The representatives of the Catholic Church—the bishops, the clergy, the religious congregations, and particularly the Jesuits . . . stand altogether outside it. Most of them gave it a cold welcome, many of them extend to it but scant sympathy. . . . They have all, too, and at all times, been careful not to confound it in the least with Catholic actions, and, above all, with Catholic Apostleship."

If only one could interpret the above words as indicating on the part of M. de Mun and his followers some faint misgivings as to the part they have played in openly applauding and advocating violence and forgery, in hounding to death men more clear-sighted and patriotic than themselves! Alas, the general tone of his letter assures us that he is past remedy, and he does not scruple to stigmatize the noble struggle of a minority of his countrymen for truth and justice as "an odious campaign against the heads of our national army, undertaken with the connivance of the Jews, or at least without any protest on

their part." All honour to them for joining in it. Many of them have shown that they still have in them the moral strength and independence which makes of men martyrs and Maccabæans. In "A Clerical Crusade" I proved how remote from the truth are M. de Mun's statements in regard to the clerical representatives of French Catholics. That they are equally untrue as regards its political representatives, the *Civiltà Cattolica* for this date, May 7th, 1898, assures us. For what do we learn from it? It begins by exulting in the document forged by Henry, of which it says Colonel Picquart had had the "audacity" to deny the genuineness; and it points out that as a result of the "heads of the army having adduced this warranty of Dreyfus' guilt before the court of assize . . . all France had thrilled with a patriotism spurring them not only towards the Government, but still more towards the *uomini temperati, onesti*." Who are these "temperate and honest men"? They are the Catholics and the Conservative *ralliés*. Méline, my reader will remember, had slammed the door in the face of MM. Dron and Millerand, Radical Deputies who were pleading for bare justice and warning their countrymen of the dangers of an alliance with the Reactionaries.

"This," says the *Civiltà*, "is the first time that a Minister has solemnly repudiated the help of the Radicals in order to accept that of the Catholics and Conservative *ralliés* (i.e., Royalists who at the Pope's bidding pretend to accept the Republic). Thus the way is opened for an agreement in regard to questions which the Catholics have at heart."

There is no denying it. The Latin Church in France is largely responsible for the Dreyfus case. A great historic church which in a case like this supplies no

champions of innocence, must as a whole be regarded as championing guilt. "He that is not with me, is against me." This carnival of crime in France is the firstfruits of the new and unholy alliance between the Pope and the French Republic.

In the *Civiltà Cattolica* of May 21st we have an eulogy of Edouard Drumont, who, it is said, "has in Algiers moved heaven and earth with his burning words to shake off from the neck of the people there the yoke of the Jews." The methods employed in Algiers are, as readers of the last number of this Review have learned, arson and assassination. At the same date the *Civiltà* congratulates itself upon the results of the French General Election. The leading Dreyfusards had lost their seats, thanks to the wide diffusion of the political catechism of the *Croix*, so the Jesuit organ complacently remarks as follows:—

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"Considering the quality of the adversaries who have fallen and of the friends we have made a conquest of, the Conservative party has gained enough; and that was all that was desired by good Frenchmen and the Pope."

By this testimony, then, the Pope had at last got a French Chamber that he liked. We know its exploits. In its first Session it placarded all over France the forgery of Henry, so dear to the heart of Cavaignac; and a few months later it has, with the help of the clericals, voted away the last safeguard of justice and civil liberty, and so initiated that policy of exceptional legislation towards Jews of which the *Civiltà* has been for years the ardent advocate. How well M. Dupuy, one of those originally responsible for the judicial crime, has learned the lesson which the *Civiltà* has, by its own confession, inculcated,

is seen by the defence he offered lately in the French Chamber of the *Loi de circonstance*, by which, with the aid of Lebreton, he has dethroned justice. To lovers of constitutional methods who objected that the shameful law was exceptional, M. Dupuy could only reply that the Dreyfus case was so exceptional as to justify exceptional laws. In other words, when an impartial court of justice threatens to acquit an innocent Jew, special legislation must be run through to avert such a calamity. Well may the *Civiltà* welcome in its next issue of June 18th the presence in the French Chamber of Drumont, Déroulède, and Millevoye as "friends of religious liberty."

Further revelations of Jesuit feeling over the Dreyfus case meet our eye in the issues of July 16th, p. 232, and August 6th. In the numbers for September we naturally look for a dirge over the corpse of the forger Henry, but in vain. Except for a faint allusion on September 17th to the *malaugurata questione Dreyfus*, the hyæna of the Vatican—as the respectable Italian Press rudely but not inexcusably calls the *Civiltà*—ceased to shriek for a few weeks. It was evidently staggered a little by the revelation of Henry's crime. However, by October 1st it has recovered its equanimity, and in default of any arguments of its own gladly avails itself of those which Drumont, to the disgust of all Europe, had invented in order to palliate almost the worse crime of our generation.

"Henry," so we are informed, "wrote his forgery that it might be used as a proof of Dreyfus' guilt and put a stop to the agitation which had already begun,* the true proofs being such that they could not be laid

* It is hardly true to say that the agitation had begun as early as November 1st, 1896, when Henry perpetrated his forgery.

before the public. From his mode of operation it is evident that he was braver in the battles he fought in the colonies than he was commendable as chief (*commendevole capo*) of the important Intelligence Department, in which he succeeded his former superior, Picquart."

So, then, Henry's forgery was merely a bank-note issued by the *État-Major* against the anti-Dreyfus bullion hidden away in its coffers. It was only Henry's way of going to work (*modo di operare*) that was at fault. He was, in short, a brave officer, but a bad jurist. The same argument was advanced, as has often been remarked, in M. de Mun's organ, the *Gazette de France*, by his friend, M. Charles Maurras, who also regretted that the Dreyfusard organs were "restrained by the scruples of a mischievous half-Protestant education" from consecrating the forger and making of him a domestic idol. There is an almost entire identity of sentiment, argument, aspiration, and even of language, between the *Civiltà Cattolica* and the *Libre Parole*, which was founded by Odelin, the administrator of the Jesuit school, founded with Jesuit money,* and for several years managed by him.

One is the more surprised at the hardihood of the Comte de Mun's denials, if one examines the school-books put into the hands of boys and girls in the Latin Church schools of France. For example, I take up one entitled *Fleurs de l'Histoire*, by Theophile Valentin, and issued by Edouard Trivat, 15, Rue des Tanneurs, Toulouse. The title-page informs us that it is written *à l'usage de la Jeunesse*, and it is published under the approbation of the following French ecclesiastics: Son

* This interesting fact is attested by the editor of *The Month*, a Jesuit journal, in the article to which I refer below.

Eminence le Cardinal Desprez, Archbishop of Toulouse; The Abbé Tages, Vicar-General at the Archbishopric of Paris; Monsignor Coste, Bishop of Mende; M. G. Pélagot, Vicar-General in the Bishopric of Puy; M. l'Abbé Touzery, Vicar-General and director of the journal *L'Education Catholique* (who signs for the Bishop of Rodez et de Vabres); M. l'Abbé Courchinoux, lauréat of several academies (who signs for Mgr. the Bp. of St. Flour); M l'Abbé Figuière, honorary canon and professor of rhetoric in the Petit-Séminaire of Mende.

On page 118 of this book, so loaded with high episcopal sanction and constantly given as a prize in Catholic schools, it is pretended that the army of Prince Eugène, cut off in Russia, owed its safety to the treason of a Jew who sold the password of the Russians; and we find the following note added: "Le fond du caractère des Juifs, c'est d'être traitres, fourbes et menteurs," and we are referred to p. 122 for further information about the Jews. On p. 122, accordingly, we read the following:—

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paragraphe
C "Note upon the Jews.—The Jews are a cursed race, since they sold our Saviour and disowned His blessings. By their religion and their politics they tend to enslave and ruin all nations, and in particular the French, on whom they have alighted like vultures on a rich quarry. They are dangerous and insatiable parasites that lay hands on everything—soil, money, commerce, industry, administration. All means come handy to them in order to divert into their own pockets the sources of wealth—treason, crime, fraud, theft, assassination. . . .

"The wealth of France is estimated at 150 milliards, and the Jews alone own more than eighty milliards of it. And yet they came to us without a farthing. Not being numerous enough to do what they want by themselves in the light of day, they organize themselves in the dark, and hatch their perfidious plots against religious as well as civil society—against everything which stands for order, morality, and justice.

"Freemasonry is in their hands a docile instrument, and by means of it they to-day govern the world.

"If the peoples do not take care, they will perish through the Jews. For the edification of our readers we refer them to the following works of M. Drumont : *La France Juive*, *La fin d'un Monde*, and *La Dernière Bataille*."

With what truth, in presence of such facts, can it be said that the representatives of the French Church have held aloof from anti-Semitism. The Comte de Mun asserts that "he has been very intimate with Englishmen," and he declares that

"He respects too much those among us who do not share his religious beliefs to imagine for an instant that they will consent to be brought back by such writings (as 'the Dreyfus case') to their former habits, now so entirely abandoned, of cherishing unjust suspicions against the Roman Church."

It is a pity that M. de Mun and his friends evince so little respect for other religions than their own in France. They had much better husband for home use the consideration which he lavishes on Englishmen. But when he goes on to appeal to "the shades of Gladstone and Manning" we are fairly astonished. Was Manning a Jew-baiter? Was he not rather full of cordiality for Jews? Did he not come publicly forward to express his sympathy with them over the cruel persecution they have endured in Russia?

And why M. de Mun should profane the name of Gladstone by appealing to it as he does, I hardly know. Has he forgotten that famous pamphlet in which our great statesman, in a series of resounding charges, never retracted and never seriously refuted, since they directly rested on the inspired utterances of the infallible pontiffs,

exposed just those vices of modern Catholicism which are so apparent in the pages of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, in the French religious and clerical Press, in the public policy of the Comte de Mun? Those charges have by many been forgotten, so we reproduce them :—

"1. That Rome has substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem* a policy of violence and change in faith.

"2. That she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused.

"3. That no one can now become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another.

"4. That she (Rome) has equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history."

There is only space to reproduce here parts of the catena of evidence with which Mr. Gladstone supports the second of his charges, and I will omit, also, for the sake of brevity, the chapter and verse references which he supplies to papal encyclicals and syllabus. He writes thus :—

"I will state, in the fewest possible words, and with references, a few propositions, all the holders of which have been *condemned* by the See of Rome during my own generation, and especially within the last twelve or fifteen years. And in order that I may do nothing towards importing passion into what is matter of pure argument, I will avoid citing any of the fearfully energetic epithets in which the condemnations are sometimes clothed :—

"1. Those who maintain the liberty of the Press.

"2. Or the liberty of conscience and of worship.

"3. Or the liberty of speech.

"4. Or who contend that Papal judgments and decrees may, without sin, be disobeyed, or differed from, unless they treat of the rules (*dogmata*) of faith or morals.

"5. Or who assign to the State the power of defining the civil rights (*jura*) and province of the Church.

"16. Or that any other religion than the Roman religion may be established by a State.

"17. Or that in 'countries called Catholic' the free exercise of other religions may laudably be allowed.

"18. Or that the Roman Pontiff ought to come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization."

Now no one, least of all myself, would suggest that English Roman Catholics, if they were brought to the practical test, would put in force the principles above enumerated; for the very good reason that with very few exceptions they are Englishmen first and Latin Catholics second. Moreover, they live in a medium, social and political, where such propositions do but excite a smile, where no one pays any attention to them or takes them seriously. Englishmen and Americans, as I have before urged, just because they have left so far behind the mediæval intolerance, which is yet after all the theoretical backbone of the Papacy, find it almost insuperably difficult to put themselves in the position of a French or Italian Liberal, for whom the Roman adherence to these principles is an ever-present menace to much that for him, as for us, makes life worth living. And no doubt it is the sense that the great Anglo-Saxon communities have—let us hope for ever—emerged from the miasmatic mist which he himself breathes that leads the writer in the *Civiltà Cattolica* to omit them from his purview, and to recommend only France, Germany, Austria, Roumania, and Italy as suitable regions for the realization of the "fair harmony" which he boasts was "erected by his

ancestors " (*gli avi nostri*), but overthrown in such large measure by "the so-called principles of 1789."

The reality of the menace to civilization which the Latin Papal code, ever unrepealed and constantly reaffirmed, really constitutes, is brought home to us in a striking way if we take up another work, identical in tone with the *Civiltà Cattolica*. This is a book entitled *Analecta Ecclesiastica, Revue Romaine, Théorétique et Pratique de Théologie, Droit, etc.* After this title follows the motto: "Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia," and the name of the editor, Félix Cadène, Prélat domestique de sa Sainteté. M. Cadène, who stands so near to the Pope, has twenty-one collaborators, who mostly occupy high positions in the Latin Church. In the first issue of this publication for the year 1895 we find a study of the Spanish Inquisition by P. Pius a Langonio, a member of the Capuchin order, and assessor, judge, and general secretary of the holy office of the Inquisition. This writer, in the course of his disquisition, takes occasion to relate how on February 28th, 1404, in Cordova a priest was accused of having merely kept up an outward show of Christianity, but of having lived in secret as a Jew, observing the Mosaic law. After hearing the record of his sins read out, the Inquisitors, who were armed with full Papal authority, condemned the accused without any further hearing as a heretic, and handed him over, after a bishop had duly stript him of his priestly garb, to the civil arm. The recreant priest was then led with a rope round his neck, seated on an ass, to the gate of the city and then burned alive. After narrating this ghastly story our Capuchin general secretary of the holy office of the Inquisition continues in these words:—

"It is true that there are a great many children of darkness who, when they read the above sentences, will rage against what they are pleased to call mediæval intolerance with fury in their eyes, with snarling jaws and snorting nostrils. . . ."

Then he proceeds to liken this condemned priest in his backsliding to Captain Dreyfus in his treason—treason which, he says, "all France cannot think of without flaming wrath, and which public opinion has branded as a crime to be expiated only with death." Then he exclaims:—

"The beneficent vigilance of the holy Inquisition is the true religious peace, and to it we owe that fixity of faith which makes the true nobility of the Spanish nation."

And then his holy joy overpowers the Capuchin, and he bursts forth into the following rhapsody over the flames which consumed the unhappy victim of the year 1404:—

"Oh, may ye be blessed, ye flaming pyres, by which some few, and they all too cunning, persons were put out of the way, yet in any case hundreds and hundreds of souls rescued from the abyss of errors and, perhaps, also from eternal damnation. . . ."

And he concludes with the words: "How glorious is the memory of a Torquemada!"

If my reader will turn to the February issue of this Review he will find on page 793 a similar eulogy of the Inquisition, the glory of Spain, from the pen of Drumont, and extracted from the *Libre Parole* of July 20th, 1892. Whether Drumont draws his inspiration from the publication of the Pope's *Domestic Prelate*, or the Prelate from Drumont, I leave it to my reader to decide.

On February 27th, 1896, Herr von Eynern quoted in the German Parliament this Capuchin's rhapsody, whereupon a member of the Catholic centre, Herr Porsch, denied all knowledge of the book, and declared that Herr von Eynern "seemed to be wallowing in an altogether peculiar kind of literature." * I have done a good deal of such wallowing, and on another occasion will produce results of it, omitted now because I am confining myself to citing what has special reference to the Dreyfus case. The same tone is to be found in all the journalism inspired by the Vatican, notably in the Latin fortnightly paper called *Vox Urbis*, founded in 1898, in the second number of which, for November last, we find a spiteful *résumé* of the current phases of the Dreyfus case, written in clumsy Latin, and ending thus:—

"Caveant tamen et Clemenceau et eius factiones pro Dreyfus constitutae, ne stultis suis factis amplissimos homines exercitum que lacesant, et memoria teneant quod est in proverbio: ne quid nimis."

Such evidence as I have adduced leads us to doubt whether Father Humphrey was not wholly serious when he made in a room at Balliol long ago that onslaught upon Jews and Protestants, which is still remembered. I alluded to it in my volume † upon the Dreyfus case, and as Father

* "In einer ganz eigentümlichen Sorte von Literatur herumzuwühlen."

† Not wishing to be personal, I disguised in my book, *The Dreyfus Case*, the identity of Father Humphrey under the pseudonym Father Humbert. I have given the evidence so fully in the text because the Editor of *The Month* inserts this note in his issue for February, 1899:—

"By way of . . . discovering to us his own value as a witness to facts, Mr. Conybeare here mentions (*i.e.*, in *The Dreyfus Case*, p. 7) an undergraduate recollection of his own. About twenty years ago, 'Father Humbert, the Oxford Jesuit,' at a breakfast party at Balliol College, when the conversation turned on Italian unity, lost his temper, and exclaimed, 'Oh! if I could only have the civil

Humphrey has lately impugned the general accuracy of the story as I have told it there, I venture to retell it in the very words of Mr. J. O. Simon, to whom he spoke:—

"The conversation turned to the subject of the Inquisition, and Father Humphrey was attempting to defend it. This made me boil, as I always do, because of my own family tradition. For our ancestor, Don Cæsar Orobio, was burned alive in the seventeenth century, and his son, Balthasar Orobio, was incarcerated for three years. He was the famous author of *Israel Avenged*. I said to Father Humphrey, 'Perhaps then, if you had the chance, you would begin by applying thumbscrews to me and to my Protestant friends here?'

"Father Humphrey: 'Oh! dear, no, I should go for your necks at once.'

"Whereupon I said, 'Well, we may be thankful that in England at any rate we have an efficient police force to restrain you.'

"Father Humphrey: 'That is our only deterrent.'"

Forgetful of the maxim *nosciatur a sociis*, the editor of *The Month* has taken up the cudgels for the French Jesuits in the February number of his journal. "There is," he says, alluding to my own and Mr. Barlow's books on the Dreyfus case, "a persistent attempt to fasten the responsibility for it, and for the anti-Semitic campaign connected with it, upon the Society of Jesus, and that naturally is a feature in the case which we cannot view with unconcern."

Those who have followed the proofs, easily to be multiplied, which I have furnished in the preceding pages and in the February number of this Review, would naturally expect a Roman Catholic who feels so much concern about the point mooted to take the first opportunity of

government in my hands for six months! I would hedge round Jews and Protestants like yourselves, and stamp you out.' Father Humphrey must have been the Jesuit intended, and his comment on this veracious story is, 'Mr. Conybeare's recollection of my words is about as accurate as his recollection of my name.'"

dissociating himself from Drumont and his confederates. Instead of doing so the editor of *The Month* regards Drumont as a prime witness to the truth on every subject, and rests his statement that French anti-Semitism is not religious, but social and financial, entirely on Drumont's own *ipse dixit*, as if that were worth having. No doubt it is to some extent social and financial. That I have never denied, but that even in Drumont's case it is in a still higher degree religious, no one who reads his eulogies of the Inquisition can doubt. Were it not so he would hardly have a hundred times, and notably in his preface to the Abbé Desportes' book, *Le Meurtre Rituel*, have repeated the fable that the Levitical customs of the Jews oblige them to murder Christian children. In Portugal this same fable is told by every peasant, not of the Jews, but of the Jesuits themselves. This article in *The Month* teems with misstatements that I could correct if I had space. I will only notice two, both on page 122. The writer there declares that the Union General or Finance Company got up by the Jesuits was resented by the Jewish bankers as an "invasion of their monopoly," and that these bankers "accordingly bought up all its paper and presented it all for payment at the same hour." This is an error. The Jews are no more the only bankers in Paris than they are in London; and anyone who takes the trouble to read the article, "Union Générale," in Larousse's Supplement for 1889, will see that the company was an ill-managed bubble from the first, in which misguided French people invested their savings on anti-Semitic or religious grounds just as they invested them in the Panama Canal on patriotic ones. The next state-

ment is that the Baron de Reinach, the banker, enriched himself by the Panama collapse, and handed on his ill-gotten gains to his nephew, M. Joseph Reinach, that the latter lives on them, and that "this, his hereditary relation to the Panama catastrophe, explains that which is so unintelligible to English readers, the special bitterness with which M. Joseph Reinach is regarded by the anti-Semites of the present hour."

This is all a calumny as base and cruel as it is false, and one is surprised that a self-respecting English editor did not leave it to repose in the columns of Drumont who invented it, instead of thrusting it before the eyes of his Catholic readers. As a matter of fact, M. Joseph Reinach declared in the Press before the death of his cousin, Baron de Reinach, that he would not in any case accept the succession, and he has inherited nothing from his cousin, for the very good reason that Cornelius Herz had ruined him. The Baron incurred enormous debts to satisfy the extortionate claims of Herz on the agents of the company, and died altogether penniless.


We look across our narrow seas and our eyes are riveted with horror on the events which are passing in France. There we gaze upon a second tragedy of Laocoon, on an ominous struggle in which the heroic figures of Justice and of her children Liberty and Truth are being slowly strangled and crushed to death in the monstrous folds of militarism and priestcraft.

It has not been within the scope of this article to dwell upon this conflict which may well be the prelude for France of the fate which befel a famous city of old.

Indeed, I felt too disheartened at the turn events have taken. I rather chose as my task the work of aiding the future historian by trying to ascertain and fix upon the right persons the true responsibility, to do this in the present while the evidence is fresh and the ink still wet on their pens. Individuals pass, but the Latin Church will remain ; and its partisans will assuredly try to obscure the truth about the Dreyfus case in the future as they are trying to do it in the present. It is therefore the duty of all who have knowledge now, and have the records open to them, to publish what they know. Nothing, alas, that is said or done in England, can prevent the act of base vengeance which the Camerilla of the French War Office have planned to execute on their noble victim Picquart. Nothing we say or do can retrieve the honour of a nation which, in response to the clamour of such men as Quesnay de Beaurepaire, Drumont, and Rochefort, has dethroned Justice just as she was about to acquit the innocent and condemn the guilty. Hardly ever before in modern history has a legislative chamber framed and passed a retrospective law for the expressed and avowed purpose of ensuring judicial murder. Englishmen can only stand by and deplore the fate which at the end of this century overtakes the nation that at its beginning heralded sooner than others the advent of better things. There is an old eastern proverb:—"Son, be not like the almond-tree, which is first to bloom and last to ripen its fruit. But be like the mulberry, which is last to bloom and first to ripen its fruit." It is much to be feared that France is like the almond-tree in this figure.

JEAN CALAS.

(August, 1899.)

N the 13th of October, 1761, a young man of twenty named Gober Lavaisse crossed the bridge over the Garonne, by which the dusty highway from Bordeaux entered Toulouse. As became the son of a wealthy advocate he was on horseback, and he proceeded leisurely, for it was barely four o'clock, to the stables where he could procure a fresh horse to carry him to the country chateau on the further side of the city, where his parents were then staying. No horse was to be had, so he accepted the invitation of some friends who had met him in the street to stay to supper with them. These friends were no other than Jean Calas, the subject of this article, a man of sixty-eight years of age and somewhat infirm, and his son. They led him into their house, and presented him to Madame Calas. Jean, the father, was a Protestant and a rich merchant, much respected by his fellow-townsmen, even by the Catholics. His wife was English by birth, but connected by descent with the house of Garde-Montesquieu, one of the oldest families of Languedoc. They had four sons, with whom they had ever lived on terms of the utmost affection. The second of these, Louis, had been converted to the Latin religion,

largely through the influence of the faithful old *bonne* Jannette. But his change of religion had not broken the harmony which reigned in the family, and not only did his father allow him a pension of 400 livres, but the nurse Jannette, a devout Papist, continued to live, and had now lived for thirty years, with them as their only servant. The eldest son, Mark Antoine, the peculiar friend of young Lavaisse, was a romantically inclined youth, moody and melancholy, but a clever musician and *littérateur*. Having no business talent, he wished to go to the bar; but found it closed to him as a Protestant, and was averse to changing his religion. In those days the Huguenots, if they wished to pursue any other profession but trading, had to arm themselves with *billets de confession* or certificates bought from accredited Latin priests attesting—and that falsely—that they had received the absolution of the Church. Mark Antoine had failed to get the requisite certificates, and had furthermore lost a little while before what money he possessed at billiards. He was in despair, and having stimulated his already overwrought brain with readings of Plutarch, of Seneca, Montaigne, of Hamlet's monologue, which he knew by heart, and of a French tragi-comedy entitled *Sidney*, he had resolved to commit suicide that very evening. A younger brother, Donat, was away on business in Switzerland; but the youngest of all, Pierre, was at home, as also the two youngest children who were girls.

Lavaisse entered their house about five, and chatted awhile with Madame Calas, till she rose to help her servant prepare the supper. At the same time she sent Mark out to buy some Roquefort cheese, of which he was

a connoisseur. Lavaisse also went out to bespeak a horse to carry him on his journey early the next morning. At seven o'clock they all sat down to their meal, which passed pleasantly enough, the sons discussing with Lavaisse the antiquities of the town. They were still at dessert when Mark, whose gloom the whole party had noticed, got up and went into the kitchen which adjoined the eating-room on the first floor. The servant Jannette asked him: "Are you cold, *Monsieur l'Aîné*? Won't you warm yourself?" And he answered: "No, on the contrary, I am too hot," and abruptly quitting the room he went downstairs. The rest of the party finished their supper, and then went into the adjoining *salon* to talk; Lavaisse and the father seating themselves on the sofa, the youngest boy in an armchair, where he went to sleep. Close upon ten his mother woke him up, and bade him light M. Lavaisse, who was leaving, down the stairs. They descended, and at once their cries brought the father and the servant running downstairs, at the top of which Madame Calas halted in terror. Pierre and Lavaisse, as they turned to pass through the counting-house into the street, had run against Mark who was hanging dead, suspended by a cord with a running knot to a pole placed across the top of the folding doors, which stood open.

The father grasped the body to lift it and cut it down, but one end of the pole slipped away from the top of the door, and the corpse fell, the father falling over it. The mother at the same time ran downstairs, while Pierre and Lavaisse went for a surgeon. Their cries and those of the *bonne* Jannette brought the neighbours running to the

house, where they found the father and mother bending over the body and applying restoratives, but in vain.

Except for the marks of the cord on the neck, the body bore no signs of violence. The suicide had taken off his coat, and had laid it, neatly folded up, on the counter, before committing his crime. His hair was not disarranged nor his shirt-frill. It was only noticed, when the body reached the town hall, that the tip of the nose was scratched, and the chest slightly abraded—injuries due to its transport face downwards in the first cart that came handy over roughly paved streets.

Ever since the thirteenth century, when the streets of Toulouse ran with the blood of the Albigeois saints, the Catholics of that city have been famous for their fanaticism, accentuated by the presence of a minority of hard-headed, stubborn, and independent-minded Protestants. It was at Toulouse that the Catholics solemnly thanked God for the death of Henri III., and made oath to murder the first man who should recognize Henri IV. as his Sovereign; and nearly up to the close of the last century they commemorated with joyous processions and fireworks the massacre in 1562 of 4,000 of their fellow-citizens in the sacred cause of religion. It is the Archbishop of Toulouse and the neighbouring members of the French hierarchy who to-day lend their sanction to such infamous Catholic school-books as the *Fleurs de l'histoire*.*

Some gloomy fanatic, among those who ran up that evening to see what had happened, whispered his suspicion that it was no case of suicide; but that Jean Calas had strangled his own son to prevent his becoming a Catholic.

* See THE NATIONAL REVIEW for March, 1899, p. 151.

Perhaps even it was the father's indignant denial* that his son could have committed such a crime of his own initiative, which drew the suspicion on to himself. For we must not forget that in those days the body of a suicide was denied burial, and exposed at the crossways. Any parent who loved his children so fondly as did Jean Calas, might well begin by making such a protest. Whether or no his fatherly love gave a starting-point to the infamous rumour, it quickly spread; and in a few hours all the Catholics of the quarter were telling one another how the unfortunate Mark Antoine had meant to abjure his heresy the very next day; how his father had been caught bending over his son's body in the act of strangling him; how the neighbours had heard the murdered man's cries; how the Protestant religion makes it a duty for parents to strangle their children rather than allow them to become Catholics; how in this case the Protestants had in a preliminary conclave appointed one of their number, the young Lavaisse, to assist the father in murdering his son. "*Voilà bien le peuple ! Voilà un tableau trop fidèle de ses excès !*" wrote Donat Calas, on July 2nd, 1762, in a memoir from which I borrow the above details.

The fate of the unhappy family was sealed by the action of a *capitoul*, or alderman of Toulouse, the *Sieur* David, who from the first gave ear to the accusing crowd, and arriving on the scene hurried the whole family off to the *hôtel de ville*. There he cast them into separate underground cells, not excepting even the Catholic *bonne*, and one Caseing

* Pierre Calas deposed on July 23rd, 1762, as follows :—" My father in his first outburst of grief, said to me : ' Do not go and spread the tale that your brother has made away with himself ; save at least the honour of your unhappy family.' "

by name, a merchant and intimate friend of the family, whom Pierre Calas had fetched to aid and advise them; and at whose instance it was that Lavaisse had called in a surgeon named Gorse, and then had run to inform the *greffier* or clerk of the aldermen. The next day Caseing was released; but the others, after interrogatories in which their guilt was assumed, were committed for trial and put in irons on November 18th, about five weeks after the tragedy.

Meanwhile, the suicide's body had been subjected, not to the statutory and horrible exposure at the cross-roads, but to the pomp and ceremony of a martyr's interment. He had, of course, died a Calvinist; yet the brotherhood of white penitents claimed him as their own, because some fanatic came forward and pretended that he had meant to join their fraternity. This gave the aldermen an excuse, and they decreed a public funeral in the great Church of St. Etienne. Forty priests, and ten times that number of white penitents, escorted the bier. The function was held in their chapel, and the whole church was draped with white. In the centre of the nave a catafalque was set up, surmounted by a skeleton—a loan from a local surgeon, and so contrived as to move its limbs and-head, when concealed strings were pulled from below. This ghastly figure bore in one hand a white placard on which one read the words, *Abjuration de l'hérésie*, and in the other a palm, the emblem of martyrdom. On the next day the grey friars held a like service, and no detail was omitted which could inflame the fanatical temper of the Catholics. The death sentence of Jean Calas was thus agreed to by all in advance, in the same way as the *Libre Parole* and

Mercier decreed Dreyfus' guilt weeks before his Court-Martial.

Strict canonization alone did the suicide escape, and that he would have received except for the timely intervention of Voltaire's pen. For the people already looked upon him as a saint; some invoked his name; others went to pray at his tomb; others entreated miracles of him; more still had to tell of those he had wrought. A man stone-deaf heard the church bells ringing; an apoplectic priest had miraculously recovered, with the joint aid of the new saint and of an emetic. A written attestation of these and other miracles was drawn up and existed ready for the use of the Committee of the Roman Curia, which has to certify to the miracles of a son of earth, before the Pope can canonize him. Over and above all this, the bi-centenary of the great sixteenth century massacre of the Huguenots was drawing near; and it was generally felt by the Catholics that Calas' scaffold would fitly grace the festival. Providence itself—so it was declared from the local pulpits—had furnished a victim for the occasion. Even so in the last four years the fanatics of the Latin Church have acclaimed the unjust sentence on Dreyfus as a heaven-sent opportunity of cudgelling Jews and Protestants. *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.*

From the hands of the aldermen of Toulouse, the victims passed before the Parliament of Languedoc, and this august body organized a trial to which, in many particulars, the Dreyfus Court-Martial of 1894 offers a striking parallel. One witness had heard Mark Antoine's cries from the further end of the city, just as if the victim had shrieked like a steam-siren. Another had

peeped through the keyhole, and seen men running about inside Calas' house. A house-painter named Matei swore that his wife had *told* him that a woman named Mandrille had *told* her that a woman she did not know had *told* her that she had heard the groans of the victim at the extremity of the street. What a parallel this to the story of Dreyfus' confession of guilt! A half-witted but devout surgeon—perhaps the one who lent the skeleton—declared that the food he found during the *post-mortem* in the stomach of the deceased had been there four hours, and not two only, as the case for the accused presupposed. On the other hand, the depositions of the Calas household, taken separately, agreed on all essential points, and it was pointed out than an infirm old man of sixty-eight years could not have throttled a strong man in the prime of life, even with the help of Lavoisier, who was also—be it noted—the bosom friend of the deceased. It was allowed by all that, if the young man had been assassinated, the whole family, including the Catholic *bonne*, must be equally guilty, and this was at first the opinion of the majority of the judges. Nevertheless, they condemned the father alone to be broken on the wheel and burned, in the belief and hope that in his agony he would yield and avow the complicity of the rest. Questioned in the midst of his torment, he merely answered, "Alas, where there was no crime, how could there be accomplices?"

A single subdued cry escaped the lips of Calas when the tortures began, and the executioner's first blow was struck. The rest he bore with fortitude. He spoke during the last minutes of his life only of the truths of Christianity.

Against his judges he uttered no word of complaint, but declared that he did not impute his death to them; they must have been deceived by false witnesses. His very last words to the Jacobin monk, Bourges, Professor of Theology in Toulouse, who, with another monk of the same order, Caldaguès, was charged to minister to him in his last moments, were the following: "I die an innocent man; Jesus Christ, who was innocence itself, consented to die by a punishment yet more cruel. I do not regret a life which, I trust, ushers me into eternal bliss. I only bewail the lot of my wife and my son; and the thought of yon poor stranger, the son of M. Lavaisse, to whom I thought I was doing a mere act of courtesy in asking him to supper, intensifies my regret."

As he spoke the alderman who first arrested him, and had come, though not by official necessity, to gloat over the spectacle of his death, exclaimed: "Wretch! Behold the executioner who is about to reduce your body to ashes; tell the truth!" Calas merely turned his head away a little, and next moment the executioner did his work. This was on March 9th, 1762.

Pierre Calas, who, after his father, was looked upon as the guiltiest of the family, was sentenced to perpetual banishment. He quitted the city by one gate, but was promptly rearrested, led back through another, and incarcerated in the Jacobin monastery. There the monk Bourges offered to rehabilitate him and have the sentence of banishment repealed, if he would change his religion. After being imprisoned by the monks for four months, he escaped, and it was largely through his means that the attention of the King's Council was drawn to the case and

the injustice remedied, so far as it was, humanly speaking, possible to remedy it. Lavoisse and Jannette had been let go free by the executioners of Calas; although, had there really been any crime committed, they must have been privy to it. The widow also had been liberated, although her guilt could be in no way inferior to that of the rest. The truth was that the judges themselves were impressed with the composure and dignity in sufferings and death of their victim, and already felt misgivings. The very priests who attended him on the scaffold openly declared that he had died like an ancient martyr. All the same, the widow's daughters were taken away from her and placed in a convent. She herself, penniless, starving, afraid of all, as an English-born woman well might be under such terrible circumstances, begged her way to Paris, in the desperate hope of being someday able to lay her case before the King and appeal to his mercy.

Thanks to the leaven of the French Encyclopædists which had already begun to work, Paris was less fanatical in those days than Toulouse, and the widow found defenders. M. de Beaumont, a celebrated advocate in the Paris Parliament, interested himself in her case, and drew up an appeal for her to which fifteen advocates put their names. M. Loiseau composed an eloquent memoir on the case in all its aspects. M. Mariette, advocate before the King's Council, drew up her plea in a manner which carried conviction to all. Lastly, Voltaire, ready then to defend the cause of innocence, as he was subsequently when he pleaded for Count Lally, La Barre, and our own Admiral Byng, threw himself for three years into the agitation, and more than anyone else forced it on the

ear of society. The case inspired his masterly treatise on Tolerance, of which the Parliament of Languedoc, in solemn mockery of themselves, ordered a copy to be publicly burned, just as they had done with Pascal's treatise against the Jesuits.

But, although opinion was almost unanimous in Paris, long before the King, in council, annulled the barbarous sentence, there were many eager for the part of *advocatus diaboli*. The *dévots*, or truly pious people, said out loud that it was better to let an old Calvinist be broken on the wheel, even if he were innocent, than oblige eight councillors of Languedoc to admit that they had been mistaken. So to-day in France the Ligne de la Patrie of Coppée and Brunetière would rather that Dreyfus was left chained to his torrid rock than that the credit of the General Staff of the army or of the seven officers who illegally sentenced him should be impugned. "There are more magistrates than there are Calas," was the remark of the eighteenth century analogues of General Gonse. The whole of the Calas family was, in short, to be sacrificed in honour of the magistracy. Times have changed; and in France of to-day it is no longer the honour of the judges—which is cheap enough—but of officers, which is incompatible with admission of fallibility.

For long months the Toulouse Court refused to deliver up the *procès verbal* and other documents of the case, but in vain. The widow, her son Pierre, Lavaisse, and Jannette were all cited before the *chambre des requêtes de l'hôtel*, or Supreme Court. The young Lavaisse, in particular, presented depositions which moved the admiration of all. He could well have pleaded from the

first, had he been a liar, that he left the house before the supposed crime was committed. He had been threatened with torture, yet he had held bravely to the truth, and had shown himself ready to share death with the Calas family as he had shared their bonds. In the end the Judges of the Paris Court unanimously declared the family innocent, rehabilitated the father's memory, condemned the Toulouse jurisdiction, and issued a faculty to the family to sue it for damages. They also laid before the King a formal appeal, that he would in his bounty make good the financial ruin which had befallen the family. The King responded by bestowing 36,000 livres on the mother and children, and 3,000 on the faithful old servant Jannette.

The happy conclusion of a case which had agitated French society, and, indeed, all Europe, hardly less—considering the different circumstance of that age—than has the Dreyfus case to-day, created widespread joy, especially in Paris. The highest society flocked to visit the widow and her children in the Paris prison, to which, pending the sentence of the Supreme Court, they voluntarily betook themselves; and when they were acquitted and liberated, the public places and promenades of Paris were crowded with the triumphant partisans of innocence. What completed their joy was the circumstance that the acquittal was pronounced on March 9th, 1765, exactly three years after the victim of Catholic intolerance had perished.

I have spoken of those who, during those three years, chose for themselves the part of *advocatus diaboli*. They had the excuse of being contemporaries, of being im-

mersed in the current strife of the day, of living before the French Revolution, of being at least sincere Catholics, blinded by zeal and devoid of hypocrisy. Who, however, would have thought it possible that in the year of grace 1898, when just 136 years had passed, during which all historians had sifted the facts and admitted them, as related in the above pages, there should arise a Frenchman eager to play the part over again, and that without extenuating circumstances; eager to rival the Abbé Fréron who, in the *Année Littéraire* of 1765, earned the scorn and moved the indignation of all men by arguing that it was perfectly natural that Calas should have murdered his son from fanaticism; because, forsooth, Junius Brutus had executed his from a sense of duty; and that, if the King's councillors at Paris had given credit to the depositions of the Calas family, that merely proved, not Calas' innocence, but their credulity. Our modern *Fréron* is no other than M. Brunetière, academician and editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

On March 15th, 1898, soon after the conclusion of the Zola trial, this writer published in his review an article entitled *Après le Procès*, which was in effect an apology for, and eulogy of, brute force—blind, deaf, and dumb.

The moral suggested to him by the Zola trial, and the part played in it by the most distinguished French paleographers, biologists, and chemists, is this, that of all governing classes, one composed of intellectual persons is in a republic and a democracy the worst. He does not scruple to declare his preference of an oligarchy composed of priests, plutocrats, and prætorians. He tenders an assurance of his contempt and hatred "to the *intellectuels*,

who for the last hundred years have done us so much harm." What business, he asks, has a paleographer (*e.g.*, Paul Meyer) to oppose his own judgment about the *bordereau* to that of a court-martial. France, we are told, is fallen the victim of Freemasons, Protestants, and Jews. Anti-Semitism is the legitimate revenge of the Catholics. Only let Frenchmen renounce the right to think for themselves and make it over to the Vatican; only let them embrace his own idea of militarism, and everything will come right at once. Such is the drift of M. Brunetière's reflections.

In the year 1898 a series of articles, entitled *Billets de la Province*, appeared in the *Paris Siècle*, from the pen of a brilliant writer calling himself Michel Colline. The one for August 12th contained a just sketch of M. Brunetière under the transparent title of "Basile." It begins by rallying him for his insincerity, for the charlatanry and pedantry of his new flights in the art of literary criticism. Then the writer asks:—

"Why is he now paying court to the Catholic clergy? Why in the Dreyfus affair has he put himself—to use his own pretty phrase—on the side on which he never ought to be? Why has he written this detestable article '*Après le Procès*,' the pervading ugliness of which is peculiarly visible in the paragraph, so truly dishonourable to a man of reflection, entitled, '*De quelques intellectuels*'? . . . For if one must suppose that he believes one word of what he has said, it would follow that he denies the utility of individual action in history, denies the possibility of a wise man being in the right when he opposes public error, denies the part played by genius in the work of civilization, denies liberty of thought, the sovereignty of conscience, all in a word that makes up the intellectual and moral dignity of man.

"If," continued Michel Colline, in words solemn, but not too severe, "if he is not merely making mock of us all, then he has done it out of sheer

wickedness, and to aid the spirit of darkness, which, from the time of the Crucifixion of Christ up to that of the butchery of Jean Huss and of Galileo's imprisonment, seeks to overwhelm from age to age the light which will make us free.

"Nothing," he continues, "is more sacred, I know it well, than a religious conviction; and it seems at first sight as if we had no sort of right to call on a man to give reasons for things incapable of demonstration, which he is free to believe, if he chooses. And no doubt this is true, as long as it is a religious conviction that we are dealing with; but, by his own admission, Basile has none, and he has left himself no divine hopes. Never has one beheld aught more dry and hard, less softened by any tinge of mysticism than this man's soul. Naturally the Church would rather have an atheist to work and fight for it than a Christian who labours only for God; and, delighted to have such an instrument, she asks no question about his motives. But this question we may here ask, without fearing to be found indiscreet. Since it is no impulse of faith that urges him, what is his motive? What political end does he follow in constituting himself a missionary of the Pope?"

But the sting of this *jeu d'esprit* lay in its last paragraph, wherein the writer regrets the long delay of Brunetière's promised volume on Voltaire:—

"This I regret," remarks the satirist in concluding. "I should have been curious to read the censure which, if he be logical, he must pass on the generous defender of Calas; or if, by chance, he approved of Voltaire's action, I should be very curious to see how he reconciles this traditional approval with the hasty judgment which he has lately passed on individualism and on intellectuals."

M. Brunetière lost no time in fitting the cap on his head. He sat down and penned a letter to the *Siècle*, angrily threatening the editor, M. Yves Guyot, with the pains and penalties of the law if it was not inserted at once. It was easy to please him, and his diatribe appeared the next day.

"One of your collaborators, M. Michel Colline," he writes, "is curious to know what I should have been able to say of the 'generous defender of Calas' in a volume which I have not written. I can easily satisfy him."

He then quotes from his article on Calas, which had long before appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in which, while candidly recognizing Calas' innocence, he yet somewhat ignobly disputes Voltaire's "generosity," and does his best to disparage him as an apostle of toleration. The last paragraph of his letter it is, however, which contains M. Brunetière's latest self-revelation.

"These few pages," he writes, alluding to his citations of his own article, "are twenty years old. . . . I will content myself by adding this much to them to-day, namely, that I am not so sure as I used to be of the innocence of Calas; and every question of judicial error being a specific one, *I do not believe* that there was any judicial error in the Dreyfus *affaire*."

M. Brunetière is a type of which many examples exist in modern France, nearly twenty of them meeting us without our going beyond the charmed circle of his brother academicians. It is with reason therefore that the league of self-styled patriots formed to do honour to the memory of Henry the forger by the poets Coppée* and Déroulède has come to be known as the *Ligue des Basiles*. In French literary history M. Brunetière, if he lives at

* For those English readers who desire a nearer acquaintance with M. Coppée, the dear friend and political henchman of General Mercier, I may point out that he has told the story of his conversion to "Catholicism," in a work entitled, "Happy Sufferings," recently translated by Catharine M. Welby, with a sympathetic introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Ely. This translation is published by Messrs. Rivington. M. Coppée's conversion to Catholicism unhappily coincides with his conversion to the cult of Fraud, Forgery, Treason, False dossiers, and hateful Injustice to Jews and Protestants.

all, will live not as the pedant who discovered the *évolution des genres* in literature, and claimed in consequence to have founded a new school of criticism, but as the man who, in order the better to believe in Dreyfus' guilt, in order to sink his conscience and intelligence to the level required by Drumont and the *Libre Parole*, began at last to question even the innocence of Jean Calas.

It is nearly one hundred and forty years since Calas perished on the rack, and in the interval France has seen the great Revolution, in honour of which her citizens inscribe on their archways and public monuments the legend of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*. Nevertheless, a great proportion of them, and in particular those over whose lives and minds the Latin Church retains its sway, are still strangers, as much as Bossuet was and more, to the principles of civil and religious liberty and toleration. Witness the cowardly behaviour of the French clergy and bishops throughout this struggle to obtain justice for the innocent man Dreyfus. Merely because he was a Jew, the *mot d'ordre* has been passed to every confessor in the land to warn those whose consciences they directed against feeling or showing any sympathy with the victim. The Church, as a whole, has espoused the cause of the forger Henry and of the traitor Esterhazy; and it has done so with open eyes and wilfully, because it aspired to deal through Dreyfus a blow at the modern civilization which in its heart of hearts it detests.

A book lies before me of which the popularity is, perhaps, one of the worst symptoms of the insane wickedness which seems to be inseparable from latter-day French Catholic piety. It is called "*Le Péril Protestant*, an Essay

in Contemporary History." It had already in March last, when I purchased my copy, gone through eleven editions in as many weeks, and is no doubt still selling at the same rate. It is issued from a "religious" press, and by a publishing house which devotes itself to selling works of piety, the *Librairie St. Joseph*, and its author is the same Ernest Renauld who has been lately urging the officers who are to retry Dreyfus at Rennes to discard all evidence, to listen only to their *conviction intime* of his guilt, and send him back to the *Ile du Diable* to die. This advice he tenders in its proper place, the columns of the *Libre Parole*; and, needless to say, his volume is the quintessence of all the worst falsehoods with which that flagitious journal has, since it was founded by the Jesuits and with Jesuit money in 1892, been poisoning the French mind. A notice on the cover indicates the author's end and aim to be nothing less than a general proscription of the Protestants all over France. "In this book," says this notice, "will be found, department by department, the names of and posts filled by Protestant functionaries, as well as the names of Protestant university men, not only in Paris but in the provinces." Opening it we read this on the first page:—

"The aim of this book is then to unmask the enemy, the Protestant, the ally of the Jew and the Freemason, against the Catholic, who is to-day the victim of this diabolical alliance."

There are, according to this writer, 650,000 Protestants in France, and he accuses this slender minority of oppressing thirty-eight millions of Frenchmen, because, as he says, it monopolizes the universities, and because Protestants

everywhere fill posts of confidence in the administrative and financial system of France. At first sight, he says, one might infer that their moral and intellectual superiority was overwhelming, and so any unbiassed judge would do. But this conclusion ill suits a scribe of the *Libre Parole* writing for Catholics, and he accordingly sets out to prove, in six hundred pages of close print, that it is because they excel in fraud, vice, treason to France, and every form of impiety, that they have come to the fore.

Of course, the Dreyfus affair is the stock topic of the book. Here is the writer's characterization of some courageous members of the *Ecole des Chartes*, who were among the first to champion the cause of right.

"What is Paul Meyer ?

"A Jew, in spite of his conversion to Protestantism.*

"What are Messrs. Molinier ?

"Two Protestants, friends of the Dreyfusard Monod.

"What is M. Giry ?

"Nothing but the husband of two Protestant wives in succession, just as are Ribot and Trarieux.

"What is M. Bournou ?

"The intimate friend of Molinier.

"The *Ecole des Chartes* also has become the prey of a Protestant Syndicate."

And this is his sketch of Scheurer-Kestner, the last representative in France of an undivided Alsace, and one who, after 1870, gave up everything in order to remain a French subject :—

"Yes, indeed, many veils are rent, many masks torn off; and the man whose life we are told was clear as crystal, this last deputy of Alsace, as he calls himself, with *tremolos* in his voice, has been shown up as a Protestant

* M. Paul Meyer is a Catholic.

sectary, who puts his religious hatreds, his Germanophile sympathies at the service of the most abominable campaign which ever agitated opinion and exasperated the French conscience."

And then, after the manner of the *Libre Parole*, he proceeds to attack Scheurer's private life, which is as blameless as his public life has been noble, and his services to science eminent.

"Do you dream that he is a paragon, this Scheurer? Not a bit of it. It remains to show him to you in a very different light. It appears that, austere Protestant though he be, he is yet a man for all that; and papa Scheurer, in spite of his white hairs, still feels his heart thrill with feelings all the more burning because they are returned.

"And, perhaps, if nature had created him less giddy, our Senator would not have made up his mind to enter the Dreyfusard plot. *Dans tous les grands événements cherchez la femme.*"

When we see such ordure as this slung at the noblest figure in modern France, we understand how it is that the Francophile party in the annexed provinces has in the last two years dwindled to insignificance. The eleventh edition has an appendix entitled *Loew et Cie*, full of such insults to the President of the Criminal Chamber of the *Cour de Cassation* as are dear to the heart of Quesnay de Beaurepaire and his faction. M. Loew, like Schœurer-Kestner, is an Alsatian, and therefore, according to M. Renauld, a Prussian and a Jew.

This is a fair specimen of the calumnies which M. Renauld has collected about leading Huguenots all over France. In the spring of 1898 he sent out to reliable Catholics and priests in almost every parish in France a confidential circular, in which we find propounded the following question:—

“Do you know about the Protestants any facts of a kind to compromise them or excite public opinion against them?”

A postman dropped one of these by mistake into the box of one M. Lecoat, a Breton Protestant and pastor at Tremel, who unkindly communicated it to the public Press. On page 457 of his book, M. Renauld gives us the secret *dossier* of the *hideux* Lecoat, as he calls him. We learn that he takes English money, like the rest of the Huguenots, that he falsified the Renauld circular, and so forth. But it is there to confute him, as is also the book. Its six hundred pages stuffed with libels fished up all over France are in themselves a sufficient attestation of the rag-picking methods employed in order to compile it.

This book breathes the adoration of Henry the forger, to which we are long ago accustomed among the followers of the Comte de Mun. “The Colonel,” we read, page 203, “lost his head. He confessed. He sacrificed himself. In prison at Mont Valérien he asked himself whether Cavaignac had not turned Dreyfusard . . . and, victim of blind discipline, he preferred to die. He committed suicide.”

M. Renauld's repertory of abuse is considerable. Thus M. de Pressensé is a *parpaillot*; the *Times* correspondent at Paris is a “filthy reptile”: “*Le Times bavait par la plume de l'immonde reptile connu sous le nom de Blowitz.*” As to Picquart, M. Renauld “cannot quite make out what his religion may be, but he has good reason to believe that he is of Jewish origin. And judging from his dirty tricks, it seems as if he made his own to the utmost the cult of servility, delation, spying, cowardice

and lying. What is more, the spelling of his name shows that it is not one of French origin." THE NATIONAL REVIEW, we are told, is a Dreyfusard journal, and when in June, 1898, it printed my "awful article" (*article épouvantable contre l'état-major français*), it "showed clearly how much of calumny, vulgarity, and outrage Englishmen's hatred can inspire."

And, indeed, as one reads this book, a type of many which make their appearance every month in modern France, one realizes how England and things English are viewed by the average Catholic abroad. We are believed to be leagued with the United States and Germany with the triple object, firstly, of dismembering certain States in which we regard Catholicism as being still too firmly rooted. These States are France, Spain, and Portugal. Secondly, of securing the preponderance of the Protestant States all over the world; and thirdly, of giving to the Jews the control of the Protestant States. It is solemnly affirmed that England is bound by treaty to pay Prussia one million sterling per annum in furtherance of these aims; and the supposed programme and secret treaty are printed in leaded type as an introduction to the book. Nor is it only against Catholicism that we Englishmen seem to plot so diabolically. The reader is gravely assured on page 53 that three hundred thousand Christians were massacred by the Turks in 1896-1897 *at the instigation of England*. One might hope after this that the writer would condemn the massacre of St. Bartholomew's. It was cruel, he says, but it was politic. He accuses the handful of French Protestants in the Chamber of being responsible for Hanotaux' policy of

giving the Turk a free hand three years ago, and pretends that he cannot after that "understand the factitious indignation of the French Protestants when they speak of St. Bartholomew's." They were traitors to their country, he declares, and sold to England then as now.

The same rancorous bigotry animates another recent volume which lies before me, entitled: *Americanism and the Anti-Christian Conspiracy*, by the Abbé Henri Delassus, Canon of Cambrai and Director of the *Semaine Religieuse*. It is published by the Société de Saint Augustin, printed by the press of the Catholic faculties of Lille, and recommended by the Archbishop of Cambrai. The massacres and acts of cruelty by which Protestantism was nearly exterminated in France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were, we are told on page 8, "miracles recognized as such by ecclesiastical authority," a statement which perhaps refers to the service of thanksgivings for the St. Bartholomew's massacre, which was printed by the Pope in 1572, and of which a copy, almost unique, is preserved in the Bodleian. "The same protection was accorded us," continues Delassus, "by the Divine Mother, using the same means, against Jansenism." And he piously ejaculates: "*Gaude Maria Virgo, cunctas hæreses sola interemisti in universo mundo.*"

The *Declaration of the Rights of Man* is, according to this writer, the very worst of the heresies against which Frenchmen are to look for such supernatural aid. "Here we have the root of all the evil," he remarks, in his introduction (p. vii.). "This declaration," he says, on page 94, "was condemned by Pius VI., and from it flows the entire sum of modern errors, to wit, liberty of the human

person in respect of God ; and as corollaries therefrom, liberty of thought and liberty of the Press, liberty of conscience and liberty of cult, the supremacy of society and its independence from the Church, sovereignty of the nation, or the right to make laws which derive their authority, not from God, but from a majority in Parliament." "All these 'montrosities,' " he continues, "were condemned anew by Gregory XVI. in his encyclical *Mirari*, and by Pio IX. in the *Syllabus*." The liberal Catholic movement which, under the name of Americanism, has spread to France, is declared to be a mixture of all these errors, with the poison of the "liberal and humanitarian Judaism" of the *Association Israélite Universelle* thrown in as a ferment. The result, he declares, is religious indifference among the masses. "Tolerance is another, and not less efficacious solvent of religion," as this monk conceives of religion, "that tolerance," he adds, "which Freemasonry elevates into the first of all rights and the first of all duties in the sphere of religion." Such is the true inwardness of the Papist outcry against Freemasonry.

The old tract to which I have alluded as preserved in the Bodleian, and of which an excellent facsimile, edited by the librarian, Mr. E. B. Nicholson, can be bought for one shilling, is entitled : "*Ordine della solenissima processione fatta del Sommo Pontefice nell' Alma citta di Roma, per la felicissima nova della destruttione della setta ugonotana*," that is, "The order of the solemn procession held by the Supreme Pontiff in the city of Rome to commemorate the most happy news of the destruction of the Huguenot sect." The Pope and his Cardinals began the solemnities,

so we read, with "*Un bellissimo Te Deum laudamus da excellentissimi musici*," and the tract was printed on the very day of the celebration, September 8th, 1572, by the *Impressori Camerali*, that is, at the Pope's private press. The massacre had taken place on August 24th, sixteen days before.

In spite of the proud boast of Rome that she remains ever the same, Englishmen had in the last fifty years begun to think that she had accommodated herself a little to the modern conceptions of tolerance and civil liberty. In the Dreyfus affair, however, she has shown herself just as full of rancour, just as hostile to modern ideas, just as ready to oppress and proscribe Jews and Protestants as ever she was. Not a word in Mr. Gladstone's famous tract on Vaticanism of which she is not now, a whole generation after it appeared, anxious to exemplify the truth.

The situation in France is summed up in the following letter, written in view of an article, entitled "A Clerical Crusade," published in the February number of this Review. Its writer is one of the most spiritually-minded of French religious writers. His books are in the hands of every cultivated Catholic all over Europe and America, and his monographs never fail to arouse the enthusiasm of our own High Church journals. It is as follows :—

" Lorsque l'infailibilité du pape fut proclamé il se trouva huit évêques français pour s'y opposer. Aujourd'hui il ne n'en est pas trouvé un seul pour élever la voix et dire une parole de paix. La haine devenue le thermomètre de la piété, voilà le spectacle que nous réservait l'église de Rome pour la fin du 19^me siècle.

"Il y a là plus qu'un fait ordinaire. C'est une manière de miracle, que jamais les adversaires les plus acharnés de cette église n'auraient osé s'imaginer.

"Je vous suis très reconnaissant comme Français et comme Chrétien d'avoir appelé l'attention du public qui réfléchit sur le fond de la crise qui nous tourmente.

"When the infallibility of the Pope was proclaimed there were found eight French bishops to oppose it. To-day there has not been found a single one to raise his voice and speak a word of peace. Hatred become the thermometer of piety, such is the spectacle which the Church of Rome had in store for us for the close of the 19th century.

"This is no common fact. It is a sort of miracle, of which the bitterest enemies of the Church would never have dared to dream.

"I am very grateful to you as a Frenchman and as a Christian for having drawn the attention of the public which reflects to the real nature of the crisis which torments us."

In the last century it was only through the influence of Voltaire and of the Intellectuals whom he represented that the wrongs of the Calas family were redressed. It is the same class that has to-day, after one of the most honourable struggles ever beheld in history, succeeded in lifting off the neck of France the millstone of guilt which Jesuitry and militarism had fastened there. But they would have found the task impossible if the French did not retain, as a legacy from their Revolution, a large measure both of liberty of speech and of emancipation of the male conscience from the thralldom of priest and confessional. The end for which the French Jesuits have toiled unceasingly since 1870 has been to exploit in their own interest the zeal of their countrymen for a renovated army. They have aspired to govern the army through its corps of higher officers, and through a Jesuitized army to govern France. They have failed; for we cannot suppose that

the officers at Rennes, who will in a few days retry Dreyfus on the charge of betraying the documents enumerated in the *bordereau*, will follow M. Renauld's counsel, and, in the teeth of all the evidence, condemn him afresh on the strength of a *conviction intime*. If they do, France will find herself at a lower level than she ever touched under the *ancien régime*, for under that Calas' memory was at least rehabilitated, even if it was too late to repair the crimes of fanaticism.

In the coming century, the position of France and Belgium and Italy among the civilized States, and the amount of good work, moral and intellectual, they will be able to achieve, the measure of their civilization, will depend upon how far the sleepless fanaticism, intolerance, and intrigues of the ultramontane Church can be counter-worked and crushed.

It is a proof, were any needed, of Captain Dreyfus' magnanimity that he has been the last man in the world to realize or even suspect the true nature of the forces which from the first were arrayed against him. Up to the very end he has supposed that he was the victim of a judicial error, has believed in the good faith of those who condemned him, in the loyalty of such men as Mercier, Felix Faure, and Boisdeffre. The latter, if the ministrations of the Père du Lac have left in him any lingering relic of a human conscience, must feel himself seared as with a hot iron when he reads that all through the last year of his agony of suspense on the Devil's Island the victim supposed that it was to him that he owed the promised revision of his case, that he even wished to send him a telegram at Cape Verde when at last he was on his

way home, to thank him for the success of his efforts in behalf of his innocence. It had to be left to Maîtres Demange and Labori to disillusion him, to recount to him all the dreadful details, the conspiracy of his own comrades, the mediæval hatreds ever smouldering on in the bosom of the Catholics, and now fanned into a flame by their religious Press. It needed courage to broach the truth to him ; it was an effort to convince him. They knew that at last he understood, when he exclaimed of the judges, who gave ear to forged evidence which they gave him no chance to refute, "They were not judges. They were assassins," and added these memorable words, "Henceforth I shall live for the weak, for the oppressed, for the unhappy."

SWORD AND CASSOCK.

(October, 1899.)

PERINDE AC SI CADAVER—"Act as though you were a corpse." Such is the maxim in which Ignatius Loyola summed up the intended results of his new method of disciplining the individual soul, and it cannot be denied that the five French officers, who in wanton defiance of the evidence, of their oaths, and of humanity at large, have just recondemned an innocent comrade to the galleys, do not faithfully reflect the spirit of their Jesuit instructors. The gist of their method may be gathered from the following passage of the *Spiritual Exercises* of Loyola :—

"Rule 13. Lastly, that we may ourselves be altogether of one mind with and in conformity with the Catholic Church, in case she shall have defined as being black that which to our eyes appears white, we are in duty bound to at once pronounce it black."

And this from the "Letter on Obedience" :—

"You shall diligently beware of at any time endeavouring to twist aside unto your own the will of your Superior. His will you ought to regard as the will of God. Such an endeavour would be not to conform your will to the divine, but to control the divine by the standard of your own will, thereby inverting the order of that divine wisdom. How great in truth is the error of those who, blinded by self-love, are led to esteem themselves

obedient when they have by some means or other brought round their Superior to what they wish themselves. . . .

"He that would wholly immolate himself to God must offer not his will alone, but also his intelligence—that is the third and highest grade of obedience; so that he not only wills his Superior's will, but feels as he feels, and submits to his judgment his own, so far as a devout will can bend the understanding to itself. . . .

"I ought to desire to be ruled by a Superior who endeavours to subjugate my judgment and subdue my understanding. . . . When it seems to me that I am commanded by my Superior to do a thing against which my conscience revolts as sinful, and my Superior judges otherwise, it is my duty to yield my doubts to him, unless I am otherwise constrained by evident reasons."

But where blind and dumb obedience is put first and the voice of conscience second, the latter has, inside an army or monastic order, small chance of being heard:—

"I ought not to be my own, but His who created me, and his, too, by whose means God governs me, yielding myself to be moulded in his hands like so much wax. . . . I ought to be like a corpse, which has neither will nor understanding; or like a small crucifix, which is turned about at the will of him that holds it; or like a staff in the hands of an old man, who uses it as may best assist or please him."

It is true that in a solitary passage Loyola seeks to fix a moral limit to the carrying out of his system:—"In all things," he says, "except sin, I ought to do the will of my Superior, and not my own." But this sentence is only read in the introduction to his treatise, where he wishes not to shock the novice who has just taken up his book. Such a passage hardly breaks the monotony of the discipline, and certainly cannot change its general aim and tendency, which is, as it were, to eradicate and scoop out the conscience of the individual man, leaving a

vacuum into which the dictates, good or evil, of the hierarchical Superior, accepted blindly and without criticism as Divine, are to be thrust. *Esprit de corps* (there is no English phrase) is to override all distinctions of right and wrong. Men are to be broken in exactly as if they were colts. They must, before all things, achieve that highest grade of obedience, which Loyola defines as the "sacrifice of the intellect." They must learn, that is, not only to will as the Superior wills, but to will to judge of a situation as he judges. They must make his wish their own, and let that wish be father of their thoughts. Least of all must they claim a right of private judgment, but must, whenever authority has proclaimed its mandate, treat all secret misgivings of the conscience as the voice of the Tempter. There is to be but a single will and conscience pervading the Order, that of its General. Its members shall have none of their own.

Without any wish, therefore, to excuse the action of these five military judges, we may yet understand it. It is the result of what we may call the Jesuit *mentality*, which is exclusive of genuine—that is, individual—moral responsibility. Certain savage races squeeze the heads of their infants so that their skulls assume a particular abnormal shape, which is never lost all through life. The same result is attained in the moral and intellectual sphere by Jesuit training; and as in France it is particularly the priests and the officers who fall under this influence, they are most apt to display the moral deformity which results. And as the savage races to which we have alluded regard their tortured skulls as handsome and fashionable, so French monks and officers reckon to be

their peculiar glory that which the rest of the world sees to be ugly and infamous. This explains why Esterhazy, the friend of Drumont, as well as traitor, brothel-keeper, and mercenary of the Pope of Rome, is "the man" of the French General Staff, and was lately acclaimed as the incarnation of military honour: also why Drumont, the friend of Esterhazy, as well as arch-liar, blackmailer, and moral assassin is "the man" of the French Church, its most trusted adviser and henchman.

M. Carrière, who conducted the prosecution of Dreyfus, betrayed, in his closing appeal to the Rennes Court-Martial, a shrewd appreciation of the *Jesuit* mentality of at least five out of the seven officers who composed it. There they sat, the crucifix suspended over their heads, on which they had sworn to judge according to the evidence without hatred and without fear. On the one side were ranged the witnesses for the truth, Picquart, who has already endured over a year's imprisonment for its sake, Freystätter, the only one of the 1894 judges who has a conscience along with courage to tell the truth, Trarieux, Forzinetti, Lamothe, Sébert, Cordier, Hartmann, Ducros, and a handful of other brave men. On the other side the Generals and five Ministers of War, convicted of fraud, false-witness, attempted assassination, of complicity with the traitor and brothel-keeper. Before the judges stood the victim of their lies, the typical martyr of our age, the modern Prometheus liberated for a space by the fifty highest judges of his land from his rock of torture, spiritualized by suffering, resolved to live only that he may at last win justice. These five officers were the subordinates of the guilty Generals. They knew the truth,

and knew that the eyes of the whole world were turned upon them. They had either to acquit or else enforce the maxims of the founder of the Jesuit Order. And Carrière knew how engrained in their souls was the doctrine that you should do anything, dare anything for your hierarchical Superior. So he did not shrink from the vile task imposed upon him. The last words with which he overawed the five are memorable :—

"I have a single observation to make, and that a simple one.

"You have heard a great number of witnesses.

"I must ask you to divide them in your thoughts into two groups, of which the one asks you to acquit the accused, the other demands of you his condemnation.

"It will be your duty to weigh these two groups and to give to each the moral importance which you ought to attribute to it ; and you will give your decision in favour of the one which influences in its favour the scales of your justice."

The judges listened to this appeal, and five of them gave their verdict—against their knowledge of the facts, against the evidence, in favour of the guilty Generals, who were, after all, their official superiors.

The Court-Martial of 1894 was opened five years ago with these significant words from the lips of its President, Colonel Maurel, addressed to Dreyfus' counsel, Maître Demange :—

"Silence ! There are other interests at stake than those merely of the accusation and defence."

"Other interests ?" Yes, those of the higher officers, Boisdeffre and Henry, whose guilt and treachery and speculations the unpopular Jew was singled out to expiate. The Court-Martial of Rennes in 1899 closed with a similar appeal.

It is on record that the Court-Martial of 1894 would not and could not condemn on the *bordereau* alone. They were not satisfied that Dreyfus wrote it; and it needed the perfervid perjury of Henry and the wilful forgeries and falsifications of Mercier's secret *dossier* to overcome their scruples. They had no knowledge that the handwriting was that of Esterhazy, or they would have acquitted Dreyfus. In 1899 every doubt which hung about the case is dissipated. The real traitor has been recognized, though acquitted to order eighteen months before. He has admitted his guilt before all the world. Nevertheless, the five judges of 1899 condemn Dreyfus afresh and mechanically on the *bordereau*, and on it alone. The three Court-Martials of 1894, 1898, and 1899 thus form a crescendo of crime, a series of three waves, of which the last is, according to the proverb, the greatest; what an ancient Greek would call the *trikumia* of infamy.

And it cannot any longer be alleged that the guilt is only that of a few officers, as I for long strove to maintain, and as Colonel Picquart once alleged, though I think he would now no longer do so. In the years 1898 and 1899 at least seven military courts have been called together to condemn Dreyfus, to acquit Esterhazy, to eject Picquart from the active army, similarly to eject Joseph Reinach from the army of reserve, to decide that Esterhazy, the brothel-keeper, adulterer, and swindler of his kith and kin, had in no way tarnished his military honour, to acquit Colonel du Paty de Clam, to recondemn Dreyfus. Some fifty French officers have sat as judges in these courts. I will not take into account the Ravarys, the De Pellieux, the D'Ormeschevilles, the Taverniers,

the Carrières, who assisted and guided their deliberations, for they may have been selected for their vile tasks by the military authorities because their vileness was tried and ascertained beforehand. But these fifty odd military judges were chosen at random from the entire corps of officers according to panels fixed long beforehand. Of them three only have been found to possess conscience or honour, intelligence, or a sense of truth and justice. Three alone are not a disgrace to humanity, three alone not cannibals, ready at the word of command to offer human sacrifices on the altar of shame. Captain Freystätter is one of them. The names of the two who did their duty at Rennes have not transpired, though Captain Beauvais is thought to have been one.

It was the spectacle of the mental and moral degradation of the average French Officer which from the first forbade us to expect much from the tribunal of Colonel Jouaust. All knew that one of its members had already offered incense to the memory of the forger Henry by subscribing to the fund raised in his honour. The insolent request of the General in command of the Rennes garrison, in the name of his officers, to the editor of the local Liberal journal *l'Avenir de Rennes*, "not to send his paper any more to the military club," was an earnest of what was to follow. It was a final demonstration to the world's Press that French officers are resolved to feed their minds only on the lies of Drumont's *Libre Parole*, of the *Éclair*, the *Soir*, Judet's *Petit Journal*, and Rochefort's *Intransigeant*. I knew how bold and difficult a task it is to try to snatch away from a bird of prey the quarry into which it has once set its talons. Therefore I despaired of the second Court-

Martial, much as I admired the quixotism shown by Dreyfus' friends and family in petitioning the Court of Cassation, not simply to annul the verdict of 1894, but to send the victim once more before his peers, in order that by those who had first condemned him he might be finally acquitted. And now there is left faint hope of any redress. In order to secure a fresh appeal to the Court of Cassation the champions of innocence must be able to allege a new fact unknown to this last Court-Martial. But there was nothing that was unknown to its members. All the facts stared them in the face; they knew the whole truth, and chose to flout it. The numerous irregularities of the trial might be used to upset it, if it were not in France. The five have, by the very cynicism of their procedure, closed every avenue of judicial remedy.

As the Constitution permits it, President Loubet may grant a free pardon,* for he has all along been convinced of Dreyfus' innocence. But as to anything further, even he seems to be cowed by the verdict, no less than his Ministers, Gallifet and Waldeck-Rousseau. They had signed a writ for the arrest of the criminal Mercier several days before the conclusion of this last trial, and it was already in the hands of the Rennes police. Yet it has not been served, and Mercier is not arrested, though he only left that city on the Monday after the trial. It is evident that his intention in staying there was to dare the Government to arrest him, and they have flinched from doing their duty. Cowardice and impotence beset almost all the fugitive Ministries of the third Republic. A free pardon, alone, would only be a fresh insult to justice and a fresh

* Since this was written the pardon has been granted.

stain on France, unless the President expressly alleged the prisoner's innocence as his reason for granting it.

The present French Ministry is not likely to be permanent. The Chamber of Deputies must shortly reassemble, and its first act will be to get rid of the motley incongruous Cabinet, which shuns its responsibility, and has not the courage even to arrest M. Guérin in his extemporized fortress in the Rue Chabrol. The baser sort of Republicans, who only want an excuse for dropping the matter, have already begun to proclaim the sanctity of this new *chose jugée*, and Méline is likely to be restored to power in order to protect it, as for over two years he protected the crime of 1894. No French Premier has nowadays a chance of retaining power for more than three months, unless he is employed with the aid of the Comte de Mun and the clericals, in hushing up a great crime. And when M. Méline comes back, the Generals will insist on the resignation of M. Loubet, who has given them deep offence. Their unspeakable instrument, Cavaignac, will probably succeed to the office of President, and the walls of forty thousand communes will be placarded afresh with new forgeries destined to prove to the French peasant that there do not really exist even the extenuating circumstances for Dreyfus' crime which the five, recoiling from their own guilt, have alleged to exist. Fresh forgeries, too, are badly needed to counteract the moral effect produced by the dissent of two honest judges from the iniquity of the five. The first action of the Generals, so soon as they get another Minister of War, will be to Court-Martial and condemn these two judges and wreak their full vengeance upon Picquart. In doing this they

will have the approval of such austere Republicans as Freycinet, Ribot, Dupuy, and will win the applause of M. de Mun and the French hierarchy. A military oligarchy, pitiless and shameless, will control France as before. Yet, perhaps, not openly, for it can always make sure of nominal Republicans to do all it wants.

The only Party which is at all likely to protest against this policy of "appeasement and reconciliation," which the knock-kneed Republicans are already advocating, are the Socialists led by Jaurès—who, however, is not in the Chamber—and the few old Radicals who follow Clemenceau. They may be able to prevent the general proscription of Dreyfusards which Cavaignac had planned and prepared just before he fell from office in the autumn of last year, and which will soon be advocated afresh; but they will not be able to avoid the condemnation, by packed juries of Nationalists, of Yves Guyot, of Joseph Reinach, and of Zola—of the two former as a peace-offering to the *manes* of the patriotic forger Henry, of the latter as an act of homage to the traitor Esterhazy.

There are at present 60 Socialists in the Chamber; 57 Radical Socialists who are practically of the same Party; 121 Radicals who may be relied on to unite with the former in moments of danger; 226 Republicans, few of whom can be trusted to oppose the officers, and lastly 100 *ralliés* and reactionaries, professed champions of Church and Army alike. The Socialists are really stronger in France than the number of their Deputies would lead one to suppose. At the General Election of May, 1898, which was fought under great disadvantages, because Méline and his followers rigged the election as much as they could,

they polled 1,402,000 votes out of a total of 6,346,000 cast—that is nearly a quarter. This was an increase of their strength by more than a hundred per cent. upon the election of 1893, when they only cast 598,000 votes. They were thus the only Party which in 1898 gained ground to any marked extent.

The proved cowardice of the ordinary Republican politician being what it is, it is probable that the Military Party will get their way. The one danger which threatens them would also be far from advantageous to the Dreyfusards; it is that of violence in the streets, rioting and incendiarism. For it must not be forgotten that in Latin countries the Roman superstition has a peculiar faculty of generating out of its own bosom antagonists hardly less dangerous to society than the Jesuits, feather-headed fanatics whose ideal is anarchy and indecency, and their method of attaining it the wrecking of churches and the destruction of property. This Party, along with the Black Internationals or Jesuits, formed the strength of General Boulanger's movement. In it they joined hands to wreck a Republic which combined public order with liberalism and toleration. Drumont has tried to reunite the broken segments of this party, and started the Anti-Semitic cry because the Jews were hated by the Anarchists as capitalists, and by the Jesuits on religious or rather superstitious grounds. The Anarchists, however, have after all more sense of justice and principle than the Jesuits; the foul wrong done to Dreyfus has stirred their indignation, and they will not again join forces with the Jesuits even to overthrow the State.

At the time of the election in May, 1898, Dreyfus had

few supporters among the candidates, and the merits of his cause were unknown among the masses. The artisans were listless, or regarded the case as a mere internal squabble among the capitalists. Consequently, Jaurès and Joseph Reinach, who alone tried to ventilate the grievance, lost their seats. The exposure of Henry's forgery woke up a certain number of artisans. Pressensé, Jaurès, and other eloquent champions of right, have, often at the risk of their lives, addressed meetings all over France. The trials of Urbain Gohier and of Picquart called attention to the misdoings of the General Staff; and this last supreme deed of open and cynical injustice has, let us try and hope, lit a flame of indignation which will not easily be extinguished. Fresh prosecutions of Dreyfusards and the attempts which will be made to silence them, will only spread the fire. It must also be borne in mind that two out of five of the conscripts called up year by year take with them into the barracks the opinions they have picked up in the Socialist clubs and *cafés* of their *quartier*. They have learned, especially in the last two years, to look upon the officer as a monster of injustice and arbitrary brutality. This before they enter the army. In two or three years' time they return to their homes with all their fiercest prejudices verified and strengthened. The hatred of the General Staff and of the whole corps of officers is at this moment gathering force in the great cities with the rapidity of a snowball, and may at any moment lead to a dangerous explosion.

In an open letter which I wrote in June of last year to M. Joseph Reinach, on the occasion of his being expelled from the territorial army for having translated paragraphs

of my first article in this Review, I ventured to assert my confidence in the traditions of honour and fair play which I imagined to prevail in the French army as in our own. An unknown correspondent—one of many such—at once wrote to me from the Ardèche to thank me for my denunciation of Esterhazy, yet to blame me for speaking of the officers as I had done.

“Je vous demande,” he wrote, “de ne plus croire une seconde aux qualités de justice et de courage, qu’auraient selon vous, les Laubardemont de l’État-Major, ignare, podagre, gâteaux, que la République a la bonheur de posséder pour la conduire à la boucherie. Jamais, au grand jamais, les militaires ont eu un dix milliardième d’atome de justice et de courage. Ces qualités, ces vertus sont incompatibles avec leur état. C’est un métier de lâche, d’assassin et de voleur ; d’animal en rut, de tigre.” *

When the same correspondent goes on to affirm that French Court-Martials are “tribunaux de sang et d’imbecillité,” one is certainly disposed to agree with him. Every artisan knows that his son during his term of service is at the mercy of such tribunals, able to imprison and murder at will. The Generals have provided him during the last two years with a series of object lessons. Instead of furthering the cause of discipline by their guilty machinations, they have hopelessly ruined it ; and it cannot be long before some great and terrible upheaval occurs to startle the already scandalized world.

The Generals have, no doubt, an inkling of the hatred

* “I would ask you not to believe for one moment in the qualities of justice and courage which you attribute to the *Laubardemonts* of the General Staff. It is ignorant, gouty, rotten, and under it France’s only luck will be to be led to butchery. Never, never have the swashbucklers had a tenth millionth atom of justice and courage. These qualities, these virtues, consort not with their condition. Their profession is that of the coward, assassin, and thief ; of the rutting animal, of the tiger.”

which at least two out of every five privates feel for their officers. If it were not so, they would have long ago effected a *coup d'état*. To do it successfully, they must rely on their men to shoot down the mob rather than fraternize with it. In this respect the Merciers and Rogets of to-day are at a disadvantage as compared with Louis Napoleon, who had at his command regiments of veterans dissociated by long terms of service from the crowd, callous to its sufferings, and altogether out of sympathy therewith. They are as much afraid of their men as the opportunist politicians are afraid of them, and as long as they can get time-serving Ministers to grovel before them, they will acquiesce, and gladly, in the show of constitutional government. But it cannot last for ever. Thousands of recruits during the last eighteen months have written letters every week to persons I could name filled with such sentiments as those which I transcribed above. They are all "enraged" Dreyfusards, and are not—most of them—such cowards as the guilty Generals and the subservient politicians, who cower at the sight of the gilt braid and ostrich plumes.

Lionel Declé is one who has done his three years' service in the French cavalry, and has detailed his experiences in a graphic narrative entitled, *Trooper 3809*, published this year in English by Mr. Heinemann. He knows his country's army, so to speak, inside out, and his conclusion (Preface, page x.) is that the "Dreyfus case is, unfortunately, but a greatly magnified example of what daily happens throughout the French army." And on page 240 he illustrates in an amusing little history the extent to which it is a principle of French discipline that you should perjure yourself to order. A Sergeant Vaillant had been accused

by a Captain Hermann of stealing a suit of M. Decle's, whereas the latter had freely lent them to him.

"If you want," said the Captain to Private Decle, "to avoid the serious consequence of your act, I am prepared to overlook it, provided that you swear that Sergeant-Major Vaillant has stolen your clothes."

"I am sorry I cannot do so, sir," I replied, "as that would be committing perjury. . . ."

"What!" exclaimed the Gendarme, evidently much astonished, "how can you say that Sergeant-Major Vaillant did not steal a suit of clothes from you when your captain says he did?"

M. Decle's pages teem with acts of injustice which it makes your blood boil to read; yet he declares that the lot of a trooper, whose higher officers are gentlemen of good family, is much better than that of an infantryman, whose officers are mostly ex-corporals and sergeants picked out for commissions because they excelled in brutal severity, injustice, bullying and blackmailing.

A foreigner cannot visit a French parade-ground many times without witnessing outbursts of ill-temper on the part of officers altogether unjustified. One such I will narrate which I saw myself the last time I watched soldiers being trained. It was at Ajaccio, on the afternoon of January 22nd, 1894.* Four raw recruits were told to march across the parade-ground. They had evidently only joined the ranks the day before, and did their best, but reached the further side a little out of touch with one another. Instantly a smart dandy of an officer stepped up to them as they halted, and gave the right file a slap on the face that made him reel, lifted his foot sharply and kicked the next man in the groin with all his force, then gave the

* I relate this from a diary written at the time.

third a blow with his fist in the stomach that doubled him up. That seemed to exhaust him, and turning to the first man he snarled, "*Ce n'est pas que tu n'entends pas le Français, mais que tu es malhonnête.*" I then heard him sentence all four to several days in the cells. The recruits stood like statues, but I turned to my companion and said, "It should need a temper less vindictive than these Corsicans have, to make any one of those four shoot that fine fellow at the first opportunity."

On April the 4th, 1871, the Archbishop of Paris, Georges Darboy, a saintly man, who had been arrested by the Communists as a hostage, was shot in cold blood by them within the prison of La Roquette. The President of the *Cour de Cassation*, M. Bonjean, perished with him, as well as several lesser personages. This outrage thrilled the civilized world with horror, and somewhat justified the terrible retribution wreaked by General Gallifet upon those who committed it. Yet it was not nearly so foul an outrage as that which has been perpetrated in the case of Captain Dreyfus, nor half so cowardly. It was done by a handful of civil rebels who in the six months' siege of their city had endured nameless sufferings. They were engaged at the moment in a desperate house-to-house struggle with the advancing Versailles army. Everyone on either side was roused to fury. It was in the minds of all the citizens of Paris that the insane ambition of an empress, who was a mere tool in the hands of the Church and Jesuits, had plunged France into so disastrous a war.

At Rennes, where France, the French Army and the Catholic Church were the real defendants, and were on their trial at the bar of ecumenical opinion, no such

extenuating circumstances can be alleged, as can for the Communists of 1871. It is a time of profound peace; no enemy threatens France. The victim is known to be innocent. His innocence indeed is the chief count against him; nay, the only count, his Judaism apart. He is a tried officer, loyal to France and to the uniform he wears. He has already undergone nearly five years of unspeakable torture, chained to a torrid rock in the most fever-stricken part of the tropics. His health is ruined. He sits there unmoved, a type of martyrdom, of spiritual dignity, while his old companions of the army glibly rattle off their perjuries and insults, old and new, against him.

It is something that the whole body is not mortified; and the Dreyfusards may be truly said to keep the conscience of France. They form a splendid minority, and, we hope, may be found yet to be the germ of a national resurrection from the grave that Jesuitry has dug. They have displayed an unflagging enthusiasm for truth and justice, a courage in the midst of defeat, a capacity of self-sacrifice, an ardour, a burning hatred of injustice, a love of liberty, an intrepidity amidst the howls of Anti-Semite mobs, a dignity and self-restraint under insult, a readiness to take their lives in their hands—a complex of heroic virtues, which in any other land would have sufficed for the founding of a new religion, for the constitution of a new city, of an ideal State. Let us pray that a new France may arise through their unselfish efforts. If so, Dreyfus will not have suffered in vain. It is they alone whose presence in a tainted capital makes one hesitate to boycott the coming Exhibition. The apologue of Abraham interceding for the cities of the plain has its application here:

“Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: peradventure ten shall be found there. And the Lord said: I will not destroy it for the ten’s sake.” Assuredly, unless the French quickly throw off the incubus of guilt and bring forth better fruits, they will some day wake up and find a big hole in the map of Europe where formerly the name of France was written.

Over and above that purification of the feelings which every great and true tragedy produces in those who witness it, there is another lesson to be learned from the Rennes Court-Martial, especially by the Anglo-Saxon races. We live in an age of transition and uncertainty. The old landmarks of faith have shifted somewhat, and a large number of English men and women look for some new rock on which to rest their faith. The Bible sufficed for our forefathers, but for the more cultivated children of the Oxford movement it suffices no more; and although they build libraries in the name of Dr. Pusey, this old-fashioned divine would feel himself dazed and lost if he entered their class-rooms and heard the convictions brusquely thrown aside as out of date to the establishment of which he devoted a life of scholarship and study. In such a situation the *élite* of the new Ritualistic Party has looked about for new havens in which to drop anchor and ride in safety; and the Roman Church, to the external observer immobile, unchanging, uncompromising, admitting no salvation outside its pale, disciplined, centralized, equipped with monkish Orders, learned and ascetic, indubitably ancient, and supporting a tradition which reaches far back, and has not on a superficial view undergone violent changes, such as was

the European Reformation—a Church with all these qualities, and in spite of them all living and energetic, always intriguing, and not like Eastern Christianity, lethargic and locked in the embrace of a military despotism, has thrown a spell over the minds of English clergymen, who wander without a compass in deserts—so it seems to them—of Erastianism, Puritanism and Agnosticism. Hence the talk about religious reunion. Hence the misgiving about the validity of English Orders. If that be disputed and denied, will not the efficacy of the Sacraments be lost as well, and nothing remain save the shifting sands of a higher criticism, which has already called much, and will yet call more and more in question? But reunion has meant for those who felt themselves in this plight, not reunion with a sturdy Scotch Presbyterianism, not with the Puritans and Nonconformists, who are the backbone historically of the English and American polities, not even with the Eastern Church, a respectable body if it could be freed from Russian Tsardom, but reunion with Latin Catholicism. The ill-starred experiment of the last of the Stuarts is to be tried once more. Authority and probabilism is to replace hard thinking, private judgment, reasonable faith. The control of priest and confessional over the individual conscience is inculcated, as if our home-made morality were inferior to that of Latins, or our women less pure than Spanish penitents. The apex of humiliation and un-English self-distrust is reached when Lord Halifax, in behalf of the four or five thousand weak-kneed clergymen who compose the English Church Union, crawls cap in hand to the footstool of an Italian Bishop, and beseeches him to be so gracious as to recognize the

validity of English Orders. His petition was very properly spurned, but the want of manliness remains. Rome is ever there like a magnet to attract these drifting particles.

The European Reformation, like the dissent of the Middle Ages, was in its essence, a revolt not against the superstitions of the Latin Church, but against its callousness, its cynical cruelty, its injustice, its fanaticism, against the confessional and the attendant open immorality of celibate priests and popes. These were the qualities which earned it as early as the eleventh century from the saints of Lyon, of Albi, of Lombardy, the title of *Meretrix Ecclesia*, of *Nidus Serpentum*, of *Mundana Ecclesia*, of *Bestia*. And now, after a lapse of ten centuries, the Dreyfus affair, like a flash of nocturnal lightning, reveals to us that this Church, Englishmen's fear and dislike of which Lord Halifax, addressing his admirers in the Guildhall, declares to be wholly unreasonable, has in its heart of hearts learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Every cannibal instinct is lurking within it as of old. Before all the world a great historic scene has been set up anew, a drama of cosmic import acted over afresh. The Roman Church has been asked to choose between the just man and the unjust. From every sacristy the cry has gone up: "Release unto us Esterhazy. But as for Dreyfus, the innocent Jew, crucify him, crucify him! His blood be upon our heads."

We are not exaggerating. From every clerical journal in France and Italy and Belgium during the last two years one could cull paragraphs reeking with cruelty and cowardice, panegyrics of forgers and assassins, lies and slanders, which if they were brought together, would fill a series as long as the *Acta Sanctorum*. In every corner

of this sinister drama a skulking Jesuit may be detected. Is a confessor wanted, who, abusing the trust reposed in him by a weak woman, prostituting his spiritual functions, can provide the French Staff with a flesh and blood original for their mythical veiled lady?—the Père du Lac is there, that paragon of learning and piety, whose virtues the Comte de Mun lately extolled in the columns of *The Times*. Is a military adviser wanted to recommend to General de Boisdeffre the good Catholics whom it is desirable to promote to the highest positions in the army? Again the Père du Lac is there, and in his daily walks at Versailles with the disciple he loves, he faithfully discharges the pious duty. Is money wanted and business talent to start the *Libre Parole* on its campaign of lies? Again the Père du Lac is there, and deputies Odelin, manager of his military school, to find both money and organizers. Never has any great national calamity or disgrace befallen France but what some figure like the Père du Lac may be detected hovering beforehand in the obscure background of the crime. It was so on the eve of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's, it was so on the eve of Sedan.

If the murder of Dreyfus is not the handiwork of the Roman Church, then how comes it that it is the Jesuit organs alone all over the world which by their indecent exultation over the verdict of the five, have jarred upon the ecumenic conscience? In Great Britain, it is true, the Latin Catholics are more temperate; nevertheless, in Ireland their organ, *The Freeman's Journal*, seeks to justify the crime in long columns of feeble sophistry. In French Canada the Jesuit paper *La Patrie*, of Montreal, acclaims it, as does the Catholic Press of Belgium. In Rome the

Jesuit *Voce della Verita* hails it with delight, and explains that its sentiments are those of the Pope himself. The other Vatican journals of Rome, the *Osservatore* and the *Popolo Romano*, do the same. Lastly, we learn, on the authority of *The Times* newspaper, that "during a conversation which took place recently between Cardinal Rampolla and the representative of one of the Great Powers accredited to the Vatican, the Papal Secretary of State gave strong expression to his delight at the verdict of Rennes, which, he declared, would put an end to the Dreyfus agitation in France." Perhaps we ought to be grateful to the Pope's chief adviser for not having at once arranged a solemn *Te Deum* of thanksgiving, like that with which the Vatican commemorated the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's. Probably he reserves that for the actual massacre of Jews and Protestants, which the ultramontane Press in France has for the last two or three years been openly registering its vows.

The French *Croix*, the organ of the Assumptionist monks, of whom plenty have also been imported into England, and who are ringleaders in the recent plot against the French Republic, prints, underneath its frontispiece of our Lord suspended on the cross, the following sentiment in regard to the verdict of the five: "As patriots we are rejoiced; as Catholics we praise God."

I have devoted an article in an earlier number of this magazine to an analysis of the sentiments of this remarkable "Christian" organ, which, during the last few weeks, has tried to persuade its readers that it was really Colonel Picquart who shot Maître Labori in the back. It is interesting here to note the excuses for it made by members

of the Latin hierarchy in England. Thus Cardinal Vaughan excuses it on the ground that it is only a cheap paper; as if it were less wicked to circulate so hideous a sheet for a penny among millions of poor people than for a franc among the rich few.

The Jesuit editor of the *Month*, Father Sydney Smith, makes a still lamer answer in his March issue to my exposure, in the February number of this journal, of the methods of Drumont and of the Assumptionists. He refuses to recognize Drumont as a "practising Catholic." Yet this is just what Drumont, in the French Chamber, in his journal and his books, openly proclaims himself to be. The *Month* is "confident that if they (*i.e.*, Drumont and the admirers of Henry) tried to approach the Sacraments, apart from repentance, they would not be admitted to absolution by any priest aware of what they had done."

I defy the editor of the *Month* to prove—1. That the *Libre Parole* is not the favourite reading of the majority of French ecclesiastics; 2. That in any instance the Sacraments have been refused either to Drumont or Boisdeffre, or to any other member of the gang.

As to *La Croix* and *Le Pèlerin*, its associate, the *Month* is in a quandary. "These papers," it says, "are religious organs; at least, religious papers." Here is a very fine distinction. "But the case of their managers is different." Yes, for they are monks, whereas Drumont is only the hireling of monks.

"We ourselves," continues the *Month*, "know of their language only from the extracts in Mr. Conybeare's article in the February NATIONAL REVIEW, and our feeling is that we should like to have more of the context and less of Mr. Conybeare's dots of omission and colouring summaries.

The summaries, selections, and omissions of such a man one profoundly distrusts, and one can conjecture contexts to his quotations that would essentially alter the impression which, as given in his pages, they produce."

The answer to this is that I gave the number of issue and the page in the case of every single extract, and that if I omitted anything—and in a magazine article I had to be brief—I omitted contexts which, by their nauseous piety or argot, made the quotations, if anything, more revoltingly wicked. The Jesuit who thus impugns my literary honesty was, I understand, himself confabulating with the Paris Jesuits just before he wrote. They could have supplied him with the issues of *La Croix* and *Le Pèlerin* at short notice. Why did he not consult them before accusing me of dishonesty? If he will undertake to publish in full in the *Month* the incriminated articles in the original French, I undertake to send them to him.

The climax of disingenuousness is, however reached when these English Jesuits assert that their Order cannot be held responsible for the infamous article of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which I gibbeted in the March number of this Review in an article entitled: "The Jesuit View." Thus in the *Month* for April, Father Sydney Smith, returning to the charge, pretends that the article of the *Civiltà* criticized by me is no more than the utterance of a pious opinion by a single individual, that it is the only one of the kind which has appeared, and that it appeared as long ago as January, 1898. This defence, like the Cardinal's, reminds one of the excuse for her misfortune which the wet-nurse offered to the righteous Mrs. Easy in Marryat's immortal volume: "Please, ma'am, it was a very little one." It is enough to reply to Father Smith that in January, 1898,

the entire truth about Dreyfus' innocence was known, that the article in the *Civiltà* was couched in the editorial *We*, and specially based its conclusions on the principles which the *Civiltà* has promulgated ever since, in 1849, a brief of Pius IX. raised its staff into a perpetual college under the General of the Jesuits, for the purpose of teaching and propagating the faith. No palinode has appeared in its pages. On the contrary a few weeks ago, when this journal celebrated its jubilee, the present Pope, in a brief of congratulation, effusively recognized the services which it has uniformly rendered to the cause.

It is true that the *Tablet* and one or two more of the papers circulating among Latin Catholics in England (not in Ireland) have spoken up for right and truth in this great crisis. But they are exceptions, and indignant "Catholics" have written in the *Tablet* complaining of its editorials, and declaring that "supporting Dreyfus is siding with the enemies of the Church in France" (*Tablet*, April 22nd, 1899). But a great organization must be taken as a whole, and its few members who respire the healthier air of England and the United States are distrusted and condemned in high Catholic circles both in France and Italy, as is evident in the recent conflict over Americanism and the ideas of Father Hecker. As a whole, the Latin Church, at any rate among the Latin nations, has been against Dreyfus, against innocence, truth, justice, charity, humanity itself. *The Times* does well when it writes as follows :—

"The French Church, which should have learned from its own past sufferings the danger as well as the cruelty of great injustices, has, by some strange aberration, allowed the mantle of its moral authority to be

cast over every unclean and un-Christian passion that skulks under the name of Anti-Semitism and Nationalism."

Such is the Church after which Lord Halifax hankers, and with which he aspires to link his own, to which he humbly goes for recognition of English Orders. Let him leave it to Cardinal Vaughan, if he likes, to bring a chapter of French monks to officiate in his new cathedral in Westminster, but Heaven forbid that Englishmen should forget the lesson which they read in every episode of their history, or permit their brightest traditions to be brought to naught.

Among the *Feuilles détachées* of Ernest Renan is a letter to M. Jules Lemaitre, which is prophetic and all the more remarkable because it is addressed to one who is now the coryphæus* of those whose unparalleled turpitude is aiding the fulfilment of the great critic's melancholy forecast.

"And then, after all," he writes, "who knows the future? You think me more of a pessimist than I am. Yes, I am terrified to see a tradition so grand as that of the French kings entrusted for keeping to a sovereign so narrow, so thoughtless, so prone to believe in calumny, so easily deceived as the people represented by universal suffrage. Yet I do not deny that the present hour has its advantages and its sweets. The vain, when they no longer march in the van of progress, are proud to march in the van of decadence. There is more liberty among us now than there has ever been before in our land, perhaps than in any land in the world. The exaggerated criticisms passed on the present *régime* proceed from minds that have no knowledge of the past nor any misgivings as to the future which they call up.

"Provided only it lasts! . . . There is the only reserve we make as regards our present contentment. If it were only our poor selves at stake we should have the right to be improvident, venturous, rash. But it is

* Jules Lemaitre is president of Brunetière's *Ligue de la Patrie*, rightly nicknamed *Ligue des Basiles*.

France that is at stake—her existence, her destiny. On the other side of the page of the *Temps*, where I read of these pleasing festivities * and of M. Carnot's great speech, I read under the heading *Saint-Ouen* :—

" M. le Général Boulanger 1,043, Elected.

" M. Naquet, Boulangiste 981, Elected.

" M. Laguerre, Boulangiste 981, Elected.

" M. Déroulède, Boulangiste 979, Elected.

" Some people with whom I have spoken of it have answered that Saint-Ouen is not a very enlightened neighbourhood. Maybe; but I fear that in France there are a vast number of cantons which, politically at any rate, are not more enlightened than Saint-Ouen.

" And this is why, sometimes, I cannot help seeing amidst the rays of this fair sunset a dark cloud gathering, fringed with gold, out of which may quite well issue a *rokh* that would rob us of our all. However, let us continue to put our hope in reason, and believe me your faithful friend,

" E. R."

Truly, the *rokh* of the Arab's fable has flown forth and enshadowed a decadent France with its foul wings. It is the hideous reality of a Jesuitized army. But let us look away from the horrible spectacle, and gaze on the figure of innocence, on the just man numbered with the transgressors. Nineteen centuries back, when it was willed to reveal to us our highest self, a Jew was chosen. Has not one been chosen again to-day in order to strengthen, and purify, and quicken our flagging consciences?

* The reference is to the inaugural *fetes* of the Exhibition of 1889.

POPULAR CATHOLICISM IN FRANCE.

(January, 1900.)

MANY months ago I ventured upon a forecast of what would be the ultimate result in France of the Dreyfus case in the following words:— Frenchmen will forgive their Army, but they will never forgive their Church. Its truth is already apparent. A new project of amnesty is being laid before the Chamber, of which the prime object is to exempt General Mercier and his comrades from the punishment which their crimes deserve. At the same time is introduced legislation directly aimed at the religious Congregations.

The President of the French Cabinet, assisted by M. Monis, his Minister of Justice, has formulated as follows what may be called the policy of the sponge:—

"A full and entire amnesty is accorded to all the matters (*faits*), criminal or delictuous (*criminels ou délictueux*), connected with the Dreyfus affair, or which have been comprised in any prosecution relative to any one of those matters.

"All criminal and civil actions relative to the matters in question are extinguished."

The first of these two paragraphs annuls all the sentences which have already been passed, that upon Dreyfus himself excepted. And this exception is favour-

able to him, for as long as the iniquitous verdict of Rennes stands, it is possible, in case a new fact should transpire, to appeal once more to the Court of Cassation and have it quashed. Such an appeal, if successful, would restore him his honour and deprive the party of lies of the single cheap privilege which the sentence of Rennes conferred upon them, that of being able to continue to stigmatize their victim as a traitor to his country.

The second paragraph revives an institution which ceased to exist with the monarchy, namely, the royal right to abolish a pending prosecution. There are three distinguished civilians against whom actions arising out of the Dreyfus case are still pending—Zola, Yves Guyot, and Joseph Reinach. The first of these demands to be retried once more for his famous letter, *J'accuse*, in which he denounced General de Luxer and six other officers for acquitting *by order* the traitor Esterhazy in January, 1898. Even apart from a formal amnesty being accorded, it is probable that General de Luxer would, on entering the court, have asked leave to withdraw the prosecution; for his accusation of Zola implied a defence of Esterhazy, and the latter having long ago freely "rounded on" his exalted military accomplices, and having been recently condemned to three years' imprisonment as a vulgar swindler, is no longer a *persona grata*. The Prætorian Party long ago tried to jettison so inconvenient an ally, and they are not now inclined to champion his innocence afresh. The other two defendants, Reinach and Yves Guyot, are no less anxious to be put upon trial. They would, like Zola, have had some chance of being acquitted, inasmuch as popular opinion is now to a certain extent

ranged on their side; and in any case the advocates Clemenceau and Labori would have subjected Mercier, Boisdeffre, Gonse, and the other chiefs of the War Office gang to a damaging cross-examination.

But the most certain hope of a new fact transpiring on which Dreyfus might have based an appeal to the Court of Cassation lay in the prosecution of Mercier, already resolved upon in the spring of 1899 by a vote of the French Chamber, and then only postponed until after the issue of the Rennes Court-Martial because of an amendment introduced by the philosophic Protestant Ribot. The French Chamber has thus pledged itself to prosecute Mercier for the forgery in 1894 of the Panizzardi telegram, for the communication to Dreyfus' judges in 1894 of a secret *dossier*, in which, amidst much similar evidence, this forgery was contained, and for the subsequent destruction, in order to shield himself and on the pretence that it was his own private property, of Du Paty's *commentaire* in which the forged telegram was used in order to fix upon Dreyfus sundry documents which alluded to a spy *D.*, but had no application to the accused.

The exemption of Mercier from the threatened prosecution is a genuine calamity, not only for Dreyfus, but for the French Army as well. Paragraph 3 of Article 443 of the Criminal Code enacts that:—

"Revision of a sentence may be demanded in case one of the witnesses heard shall posteriorly to the condemnation have been prosecuted and condemned for perjury (*faux témoignage*)."

Mercier was not the only military witness who disgraced his uniform in this way at the Rennes trial. Indeed, M.

Urbain Gohier's description as "platoon perjury" of the evidence given on that occasion by the military witnesses against Dreyfus is no exaggeration. This amnesty now makes it impossible to prosecute Mercier or any other one of them, and so eliminates a whole class of "new facts." The only hope which is left for Dreyfus of being able to rehabilitate himself and remove the stigma attached to his family lies in a possible revelation by the Germans of the documents purchased from Esterhazy and Henry with the connivance, it would seem, of Boisdeffre. In the end it may be that his conscience will speak a little louder to Colonel von Schwarzkoppen than it has hitherto done. Even then, however, he could not act without the consent of the German Emperor, who is the last man in the world to be biassed by conscience in questions of external policy. If he can at any critical time use these documents to shatter the already tottering reputation of French General Staffs, he will do so; but not otherwise. For the sake of Dreyfus he will never embroil himself with an important section of French opinion, or run the risk of embittering Franco-German relations by interference in a case of which the rights and wrongs are without his help already patent to the whole world.

It is bad enough to embarrass Dreyfus by thus eliminating his chances of obtaining a fresh revision of his case. It is worse still, because Zola and Yves Guyot and Reinach are only too anxious to be prosecuted, not because they love law courts or notoriety, but because they trust that their trials would help on the sacred cause of justice, for which they have already risked and sacrificed so much. It is worst of all for the Army itself that a sponge should

be passed over Mercier's slate. In a country of universal conscription like France the whole of the male population passes through the ranks of the Army. What an opportunity for its officers to set an example to all of honour, of truthfulness, of freedom from bigotry and intolerance, of devotion to the highest interests of the community! More than any other professional class they might influence their fellow-countrymen for good. We see the opposite. In decreeing an amnesty, rejected with scorn by the Dreyfusards, but welcomed by Mercier and his peers, the French Government proclaims aloud to the Army that the manufacture and use of forgeries, that perjury and conspiracy, are only criminal when civilians indulge in them. The chiefs of the Army are, like the privileged ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages, above the law, and their stars and decorations and rank protect them from the consequences of their crimes. One thing alone is unpardonable in a French officer, and that is to have a conscience and to obey it.

One of Mercier's friends at the Rennes trial, Colonel Bertin, summed up in a single cynical phrase the offence which, in the eyes of the majority of his fellows, Colonel Picquart committed when he refused to take the advice of Gonse and be a consenting party to the death of an innocent man. "I realized," remarked Bertin, "that there was someone who was no longer marching straight behind the chiefs." Billot promptly complimented Bertin on the soldierly character of his words. "Colonel Bertin," he said, "has all the qualities of an officer of the *État-Major* — impersonality," etc. Such are the beauties of the passive obedience expected in the French

Army. Picquart refused to take a hand in the game of assassination and to perjure himself; and he is the only officer who has been hounded out of the Army over the matter.

In an Army where such an ideal of conduct prevails there must of necessity be many who, when they find opportunity, will rival the African exploits of Voulet and Chanoine, and will train their guns on their own fellow-citizens. Not a few of the higher officers seem to have been implicated in the plot against the Republic for which Déroulède and Guérin are now being tried before the French Senate. But they are not among the accused. Their epaulettes are sacrosanct. It is evident, however, that the impunity thus granted them will in time bear such fruit as every pact made with bandits must bear. The gangrene of demoralization will spread; and though for the moment the Army has been checkmated, because it did not know which of the pretenders, the Bonapartist or the Royalist, it preferred, the moment may come when it will have made up its mind, or, anyhow, think that it has. Then will begin an epoch of intestinal strife and civil bloodshed, in comparison with which the slaughters of the Great Revolution were a mere trifle.

Meanwhile, the era of repressive measures directed against the Latin Church, which seemed to have closed with the death of Gambetta, has opened anew. The last word of the Jesuit official organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, upon the Dreyfus case is that the French Army has shown an "excess of religious feeling," and thereby incurred the enmity of the Protestants, Jews, and Freemasons. The French Republicans are afraid to try conclusions with the

Army, but they mean, if they can, to wipe off some old scores with the religious Congregations to whose intrigues they rightly ascribe that excess of religiosity on the part of the officers which has led to all the crimes and scandals of the Dreyfus case. Accordingly, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Prime Minister, with much *finesse*, has framed a law which will hit them none the less hard because it does not mention them by name nor contain any allusions to religion so-called. The problem was how to strike at associations of monks and nuns without mentioning their religious character and without prejudicing trades unions, joint-stock societies, unions of professional societies, and commercial syndicates of every kind. Article 2 of this new law enacts that:—

“Every association (of persons, not necessarily holding property in common) founded for a cause or in view of an object that is illicit, contrary to the laws, to the Constitution, to public order, to morality, or entailing renunciation of rights outside the common (*droits qui ne sont pas dans le commun*), is null and of no effect.”

For example, the Anti-Semitic League of M. Guérin has an illegal object in view—namely, the pillage and murder of Jews. This law, therefore, at once exposes its members to prosecution. And the preamble setting forth the reasons for the new legislation explains the utility of this second article as an instrument with which to assail the Latin Church.

“Our public right,” says this rubric, “proscribes everything which constitutes an abdication by the individual of his rights as such, a renunciation of the exercise of the natural faculties of all citizens; of the right to marry, to buy and sell, to carry on trade, exercise any profession; the possession, in a word, of anything like a personal servitude.”

Now the members, male and female, of Latin Congregations take vows not to marry; they are also obliged to alienate their individual property and give up the control of it to the Orders they join. It follows that all the religious Congregations fall under the condemnation of this law, for they are all alike based on the renunciation by their members of their individual liberties. Only such an Order as that of the Paulists, who take no vows, founded in America by Father Hecker, could escape; and, by a singular irony, the ideas of this saintly man have been lately proscribed by the higher French ecclesiastics, and, under Jesuit dictation, condemned by the Pope himself.

In England such a law as the above would seem to be an unwarrantable interference with personal liberty, and it would incidentally affect colleges whose statutes impose celibacy on their fellows. It only *incidentally* affects religious Orders in France, and they can escape its penalties by refounding themselves upon a rule which curtails among the associates neither the liberty to marry nor the right to manage their individual property. But then they would cease to be associations of monks and nuns. It will be interesting to see whether the religious Congregations in France manage to evade it. Englishmen have no right to condemn this proposed law off-hand. The Latin Church has no innate respect for liberty and tolerance, and only affects to love such things in order to place itself eventually on a vantage-ground from which it may repudiate them. Let those who doubt this read Mr. Gladstone's tract on Vaticanism, or any of the Catholic journals of the Continent. He will soon reach the con-

clusion that the toleration of those whose eternal ideal is one of intolerance, and who would, if they could, restore the Inquisition and the Stake to-morrow, is a question of expediency. In England the Latin Church and its Anglican imitators have such a slight hold on the masses that to take elaborate precautions would be to pay too high a compliment to so contemptible a party. But the danger is far more real in France. I once ventured to condemn the legislation of Ferry and Gambetta in conversation with one of the most reasonable and liberal of my teachers, the late Mr. Lewis Nettleship, of Balliol College. He merely replied that we Englishmen have no right to criticize the French in this matter, for we have not so lately been under the heel of the priest as they.

But the ingenuity of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and of his Minister of Justice, M. Monis, does not end here. The great Latin Orders of Jesuits, Dominicans, Carmelites, Capucins, Benedictines, and of the newer and particularly vicious Assumptionists, are cosmopolitan societies, taking their marching orders from Italian officials in Rome and ramifying all over the world. Accordingly Article 13 of the new law enacts that:—

“There may not be formed, without previous authorization being given by a formal decree of the *Conseil d'État*,* any associations (*i.e.*, of persons, not necessarily of goods as well) between French subjects and foreigners, any associations between Frenchman and Frenchman of which the headquarters and directorate are located abroad or entrusted to foreigners.”

The favourite gravamen of the Church of France against the Jews and Protestants is that the latter are in religious communion with men of other countries. It is

* *i.e.*, the Cabinet.

in such works as *Le Péril Protestant*, recently criticized in this Review, and in the pages of such papers as Drumont's *Libre Parole* and of the various *Croix*, that this religious Chauvinism of the fanatical party finds its most violent expression. The Ultramontane Church, however, lives in a glass-house, and it is certainly clever of the Republicans to have thought of paying it out in its own coin. Even Méline himself, fond as he is of the Papal enemies of the Republic who masquerade as *ralliés*, would shrink from giving to any of these Orders a formal authorization to exist in France. By consequence they all become "illicit associations"; and every man or woman who joins or has joined one of them is liable to the penalties set forth in Article 7 of the new law—that is to say, to a fine of not less than sixteen nor more than 5,000 francs, and to a term of imprisonment varying from six days to an entire year.

No association which has not obtained the formal authorization of the *Conseil d'État*, even if its members are not fined and imprisoned, will lead any other but a precarious existence. The new law specially enacts that such unauthorized associations shall be unable to possess, borrow, alienate, or defend their property. This law applies to all such existing associations no less than to any which shall be hereafter constituted.

The religious Congregations in France are liable to a special tax upon their buildings and such other real property as they own in common. They resent this tax, and have steadily and for years resisted or evaded the payment of it. In the period April 1st, 1896, to November 1st, 1899, the French Exchequer sued recalcitrant communities of

monks in 524 cases, and won in as many as 502. In ninety-seven of these it executed forced sales to realize the debt due to itself. Many of the Congregations, however, evaded the tax by setting up a man of straw, either one of themselves or a reliable outsider, as the nominal owner of their establishments, and by making affidavits that they were only his tenants at will. The Assumptionists, in spite of their parade of patriotism, have shown themselves to be past masters in the art of evading the law. These Fathers of the Cross, as they call themselves, own spacious buildings at Paris, Arras, and Bordeaux. They adduced evidence in the courts to prove that they did not own their buildings. The Government argued that their agreements were fictitious, and, when the lower courts decided in favour of them, appealed to the Court of Cassation; but that court also, in a judgment dated November 21st, 1898, decided in favour of these holy men. The Cabinet of M. Waldeck-Rousseau has brought before the Chamber a law which will, in future, render such evasions impossible, and it is high time that the Exchequer should be protected from their dishonesty. The Assumptionists, in particular, have been caught out in their lie just a year after they, by means of perjury, obtained a judgment in their favour; for, in the course of recent perquisitions made at their house in Paris, 8, Rue François I^{er}, in expectation of discovering evidence of their complicity in the Royalist plot against the Republic, there was discovered in the safe of the Père Hippolyte, along with a sum of nearly two million francs, a *contre-lettre* or counter-deed, proving that the person whose tenants they swore themselves to be was a man of straw,

and that Fathers Picard and Bailly—the latter the Pope's favourite—are the real owners of these vast premises. Thus these respectable gentlemen stand convicted of fraud and perjury, and we may hope will be punished as rigorously as the law permits. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's new law provides that in future the proprietor, be he real or fictitious, of a house or houses tenanted by a religious Congregation will be held liable for the tax. He will have to recover it from his tenants, and this pious fraud will be effectually checked.

It must have astonished many readers of English newspapers to learn that so large a sum as £72,000 had been discovered in the strong-box of the Paris Assumptionists. But it is a fact which will not surprise anyone who has looked through many files of the *Croix* and *Pèlerin* newspapers, and it is also a fact which explains why it was necessary for the Pope to honour—as he did early in October, 1899—with a special reception the Père Bailly, whom Mr. St. George Mivart, the most distinguished savant of whom the English Romanists could boast, has justly stigmatized in the columns of *The Times* as a “miscreant,” and whom even the Reverend Father Smith, the London Jesuit, is at last ashamed to defend. The explanation is a simple one. M. Bailly has largely contributed to the Pope's cash balance. It is a pity that an infallible pontiff should feel such vulgar necessities. Nevertheless, it is a fact that he is peculiarly at the mercy of those Orders whose members, being most skilled in playing on the superstitions of the vulgar, are the richest and so best able to replenish his coffers. Foremost among these Orders is in all probability that of the

Jesuits. Next come, as M. Zola has so well pointed out in his *Rome*, the reverend fathers of Lourdes. The Assumptionists are not far behind in the art of exploiting the faithful, and to a large extent they are in partnership with the priests of Lourdes, since they whip up pilgrims to the sacred grotto from all over France.

But how do the Assumptionists raise such enormous sums of money? If we take at random a number of their *Pèlerin*, say, for February 20th, 1898, we find on the wrapper such a notice as the following :—

"Seven hundred and eighty-nine letters have been deposited this week in the *tronc* of St. Anthony, 8, Rue François 1^{er}, Paris. They announced or recommended: 153 healings, 562 temporal graces, 193 conversions, 180 positions obtained, 492 thanksgivings, 36 vocations, 52 marriages, 553 special graces, 12 first communions, 260 trading establishments, 41 lost objects, 24 examinations, 168 families, 110 deceased, 27 law suits, 125 young people, 21 parishes, 10 literary works."

Of these 789 letters addressed to St. Anthony some 67 are quoted on the coloured wrapper under the heading *Extraits du Courrier*, and the 67 authors of them together contribute offerings which aggregate a total of 643 francs, say £26. The remaining 722 correspondents of the Saint may be reckoned to have supplied him in the same week with funds amounting to at least £260. We see, therefore, that this single Paris establishment of the Assumptionists derives a weekly revenue of about £300 from the particular cult which they make it their business to push and exploit. That is, £15,600 a year poured into the coffers of one monastery, of which the leading members nevertheless perjure themselves in the law courts in order to avoid a small tax which would help to pay the salary

of the army and navy which they profess to adore!

Nor does the above exhaust the matter, for the same wrapper contains a list of subscriptions amounting to 400 francs for the week—over £800 per annum.

Another number of the *Pèlerin*, taken at random, that for March 20th, 1898, registers 675 letters for the week, with separate subscriptions from the *Cellules de Notre-Dame de France* amounting to 1,150 francs from five contributors only. It is not clear, however, that the latter sum goes into the pockets of the Assumptionists. The wrapper for June 12th, 1898, reports 3,170,970 francs collected up to June 5th for the *Vœu National*. Over and above these sources of revenue these perjury-loving, but saintly men, make a large, very large, profit out of the sale by millions of their pernicious journals and out of their thriving trade in cheap lives, pictures, and images of their saint. They also issue from their *bonne presse*, as they call it, quantities of cheaply got up but extravagantly superstitious *Lives of the Saints*. It is always the R. P. Hippolyte who invites subscriptions and offerings, and it was in his coffer that a chance perquisition on the part of the Government revealed the sum of £72,000.

Some of the extracts from the letters addressed to the Saint are simple and touching, if superstitious, and one does not find it in one's heart to condemn the following two:—

"*Hérault*.—Two francs promised to St. Anthony if we found our poor dog, who had gone astray on the mountain. He has turned up safe and sound. I fulfil my promise."

"*Haute Saône*.—I lost my purse in a tram-car, so it was very hard to find it. I prayed to St. Anthony, and promised him something. A few instants later I found my purse again."

St. Anthony of Padua is the modern Hermes, and more than any other figure in the Christian mythology is able to restore lost objects to their owners. But he is also most useful as a patron of trade, and too many of the blessings implored are of a temporal rather than of a spiritual kind, as witness the following typical paragraphs :—

“*Nord.*—Promised five francs to St. Anthony if he would accord me his protection in regard to our business, and in particular for the success of three ventures which preoccupied us. We have been heard. Thanks.”

“*Nord.*—Having promised St. Anthony five francs for the success of a very risky scheme, I send them and thank him.”

There are many such extracts as the above, and in many cases the enterprises with which the Saint associates himself seem to bear a rather speculative character. He must be a very useful Saint on 'Change.

The *Extraits du Courrier* of the Père Hippolyte have evidently been carefully selected, and everything unedifying is excluded. If, however, the student of popular religion, as promoted by the religious Congregations of modern France, desires a less sophisticated record he must turn to other less “edited” records of piety, for example, to the *Propagateur de la dévotion à Saint Joseph et à Saint Antoine de Padoue*, which is a monthly journal “edited by ecclesiastics with the authorization of their superiors.” It is now in its thirty-seventh year, and on the front page are printed suitable testimonies to the Pontifical approval which it has earned, thus: “*Cette revue fait beaucoup de bien* (5 Mai, 1876). *Deus te benedicat et dirigat* (11 Mai). *Pius P.P. IX.*”*

* In the rest of this article the writer is indebted to a large extent, both for his matter and his handling of it, to an article in the *Siècle* for October 9th, 1899, by M. F. Buisson, entitled, “*Comment on abêtit une Nation.*”

The first few pages of each number of the *Propagateur* contain pious lucubrations, wearisome enough to read, but of a nature to help you to understand the intellectual calibre of the Anti-Dreyfusards. Their key-note is the *Credo quia absurdum*. Premisses are chosen, arbitrary and out of harmony with all history and human development. On them is raised with tortuous skill and infinite subtlety the childish fabric of sacerdotal doctrine. But what is really interesting are the pious notices printed in the second half of each issue under the heading, "*Traits inédits de la puissance et de la bonté de Saint Joseph et de Saint Antoine de Padoue envers leur dévots serviteurs.*" These form a record of the "Spiritual graces and temporal favours" bestowed by these Saints on their "cherished ones." They are often curious. Thus a young girl begs her Heavenly patron (as late as April) "to get her successfully married before May comes in" (p. 183). Another maiden thanks him because "instead of one husband that she looked for, she has now the choice of two" (p. 34). On p. 85 we have the prayer of a suitor, who implores of the Saint "success in a law-suit against a Jew." What a title to the protection of a Saint! Another votary seems almost to trade on his intimacy with the Saint when he writes as follows:—

"We are now trying to find a good situation for the lad, and once more it is to St. Joseph that we turn, that he may himself arrange the matter. . . . It seems to me that a child who bears his name, who has so often been entrusted and recommended to his care, has a special right to be protected by him."

Women, it seems, are prone to a sort of nervous impatience in the way they approach the Saint. One of

them writes: "If St. Joseph chose, he could accomplish this *tour de force*. . . . My pretensions are large, but I know the riches of St. Joseph. He could, if he only would" (p. 424). What Saint could resist such an appeal from a lady?

The female teachers in Church schools are among the most assiduous correspondents of the Saints. Their vows are generally for success over the hated State schools:—

"I had made a promise," writes one of them (page 367), "to my dear protector that, if we got at least three pupils from the lay school, I would record this favour in the *Propagateur*. Instead of three we have had six. That is a miracle, for in the whole of the fifteen years which have passed since the school was laicized we have never succeeded in detaching a single one. We took no steps ourselves, and it is St. Joseph alone that brought them to us."

The following illustrates the little tiffs which are apt to arise between *religieuses* and their celibate *curés*:—

"I hasten to discharge a debt of gratitude to St. Anthony of Padua and St. Joseph, who have won a visible favour for me under the following circumstances:—

"In the parish where I have been for seventeen years at the head of a communal school we had a rector who, instead of upholding the *religieuses*, detested them, and took pleasure in humiliating them in everything and everywhere.

"I was myself the particular object of his petty persecutions, and yet I could not hope for a change of place owing to the terrible law.

"Weary of it all, and sometimes even in despair, I could not see what was to become of me, when it occurred to me to have recourse to St. Anthony and St. Joseph, promising if the rector were transferred to send five francs to the poor of St. Anthony and to publish the fact in the monthly bulletin. Oh! Prodigy! I only made this promise on Sunday, and the rector, who was already slightly indisposed, grew worse and worse, and died on the following Friday.

"And now I fulfil my promise, and send you a postal order for five

francs, hoping you will be so good as to insert my letter in your *Propagateur*, which I undertake henceforth to disseminate. I must beg you not to publish my name.

"(Signed) UNE ABONNÉE."

(March, 1899, p. 122.)

Here is another of the same kind :—

"A poor nun, molested and persecuted by . . . her *curé*, addressed herself to St. Joseph, and prayed him to procure for the holy man an advantageous change of post so that she might be freed from a tyranny which had become unbearable. . . . It was a difficult matter, for the *curé* was not quite the sort of man that rival parishes quarrel with one another in order to secure. . . . The good St. Joseph went to work in another way: a beautiful bronchitis (*une belle bronchite*) came on, the *curé* made a nice little confession, was prettily shrived, and went off all devoutly to the other world,* . . . and the poor little sister Clara, as she tells her beads for him, never fails to say after each *Gloria Patri*, 'Thank you, my good Saint Joseph.'"

"*La pauvre petite sœur Clare!*" Think of the pretty little homilies on forgiveness and humility with which this witty little nun must regale the children whom pious superiors entrust to her care. Surely we have laid bare before us in the above notice the inward soul of one of those "Sisters of the Good Shepherd," who, in their orphanage at Nancy, according to the testimony of the Bishop of that district, sweat poor children for years in making choice embroideries, pocket the proceeds, and then turn them, helpless and forlorn, into the streets, to lead a life perhaps no better than that of the fast women of Paris, who (to quote the words of the Mother Superior in answer to the said Bishop) are the best customers for the work produced in these establishments.

* "Le *curé* bien confessé, bien administré, s'en est allé dévotement en l'autre monde."

However, let us hear the other side. Here we have a *Curé's* case against a nun :—

"Monsieur le Comte.*—I should be showing ingratitude to our great Protector if I did not announce to the readers of the *Propagateur* of St. Joseph the following facts :—

"*Curé* of a parish of 2,000 souls which have remained Christian, my ministry was only hampered by the words and acts of a schoolmistress . . . who was, I regret to say, not a laywoman. She, under stress of I know not what devilish inspiration, played a part which she never ought to have played.

"It was then that my prayers were heard and answered beyond all I hoped for.

"One morning they told me on a sudden that Sister D. was very ill. I found her unconscious, and the doctor assured me that she only had a few hours to live. . . . Not desiring the death of a sinner, but her conversion, I immediately had recourse to my Protector, who turned no deaf ear to my prayer.

"The patient rallied and regained life. Her days are no longer threatened, but the organ she used in order to damage her *curé*, her tongue, remains paralysed. The doctors assure me that she will never speak again.

"Punished in that part of herself whereby she sinned, walled up in a perpetual silence, our poor invalid has time to think and expiate her sins.

"In the hope that so striking a fact, so terrible a chastisement, will make an impression on certain persons too ready to play the part of back-biters and gossips. I am yours, &c., M., *curé*."

Many are the faithful whom the monks have persuaded that the worst sin they commit is not to pay up ready-money to their Saint. Thus, in April (p. 176), a poor woman avows that, after getting her mother cured of paralysis, she delayed to send her money at once :—

"I told the good Father (Anthony) that he must grant me some fresh favour before I wrote to you. Perhaps it is to punish me that he has allowed my poor mother to relapse, for her hand seems paralysed now."

* Not M. le Comte de Mun, but De Travanet, who edits the *Propagateur*.

Of course the *Propagateur* publishes a mere selection made by the Comte de Travanet. What must he not exclude when he admits such matter as the following confession from a female penitent :—

“ I had promised an insertion in the *Propagateur* in a moment so critical to myself that I might even have lost fortune, reputation, honour—in a word, everything.” (March, p. 123.)

In another notice (p. 133) a certain young woman confesses that she is—

“ Cast down, in despair. Oh, St. Joseph knows my secret. St. Joseph must do something at once, for otherwise I am lost. Dare I say it, my very faith will be in danger.”

In turning over the pages of such journals as the *Propagateur* and the *Pèlerin*, we overhear the inner voice of popular French Catholicism in all the *naïveté* of unrestrained expression. We have the religion painted by itself, not as an intellectual *élite* holds it, but as the masses live it. Let anyone read in the *corpus* of Greek inscriptions the *ex votos* from the walls of temples of Esculapius and Aphrodite ; let him place beside such *ex votos* the above examples of modern popular French piety, and he will be compelled to admit that between the old religion and the new there is little changed except names. Probably the Anglican divines who sigh for a reunion with the Latin Church have no inkling of the intellectual temperament which that communion engenders and fosters among the millions of France, and it is a pity that a florilegium of extracts from the cheap Catholic Press of the Continent cannot be circulated in our Anglican seminaries. These pious ejaculations, deemed worthy to be published, not

by hundreds but by thousands, in monkish papers, reflect the religious tone of rich and poor, high and low, of peasant and great proprietor, of master and servant ; but they are all alike in this, that the votaries all treat their Saint as a savage does his fetish. Never a moment's misgivings as to whether the prayer is one meet to be offered to a God who is a spirit and to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, never the question raised if the vow is just and good and holy, never any scruple as to whether they deserve what they ask for, or whether they ought not to do something themselves in order to gain the end. They make the vow, promise a sum of money, pay, give thanks, and are quits with their idol. Moral scruples rarely intrude in this dreary procession of superstitious requests.

It is true that the editor of the *Propagateur* prefaces the *traits inédits* from which the above specimens are taken with a caution that "they are humbly submitted to the judgment of the Church," and that "they possess but a purely human authority." But what reflections must they arouse in the minds of educated and sensible Catholics. Let one of the latter publish a book like the *Life of Father Hecker*, in which ideas of truth and justice are boldly proclaimed, and a real attempt made to shake off the slough of mediæval superstition and monkish corruptions, at once the Roman curia is perplexed, angry, and tumultuous. The machinery of the Inquisition is set in motion and the work solemnly condemned. But not a word of censure from the Pope or any of his Bishops for the monks who batten on the superstition of the vulgar ; not a syllable of blame for the besotted journals which publish its outpourings. Nowhere any protest of a higher religion, any

attempt to raise the tone of the faithful, to spiritualize their hopes and prayers. The traffic in indulgences of the sixteenth century was not morally half so deadening.

And in France what hope is there of a better state of things? It is true that six grown men out of seven sit loose to the Church, even when they are not actually hostile to it. But nearly all who have partly emancipated their own minds and consciences, continue to sacrifice to the system the better half of themselves, I mean their wives and children. The priest or monkish confessor is allowed to dominate and debauch the souls of the latter as much as he likes. Few men have the courage so far to break with the Church as to withdraw their family circles from its debasing influence. It is a sign of the time that many enlightened Frenchmen, among them M. Yves Guyot, are beginning to see that a merely negative attitude on the part of fathers and husbands is of no use. The bacillus of superstition can only be eliminated by the culture in the mind of some healthier germ. Such a germ they see in French Protestantism, from which they have hitherto held aloof, however deep might be their antagonism to Catholicism. Now they frankly urge that all who are dissatisfied with the superstitions of Rome should openly declare themselves Protestants and commit the religious training of their children to the nearest *pasteur*. In no other way can their country escape the fate which has overtaken Spain.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

(July, 1900.)

MUNICIPAL elections in France have more political significance than they have in England, and more particularly is this true of Paris. A party which can get possession to-day of the handsome Hôtel de Ville upon the Seine is likely to assert itself before long in the country at large. The recent success, therefore, of the *Ligue de la Patrie Française* has filled genuine Republicans—it is necessary to distinguish between genuine and mock ones—with dismay. The Paris Municipal Council has hitherto been the chosen home of anti-Clericalism. It has on a sudden become a sacristy. It is true that its decrees in the past were often feather-headed and revolutionary; and it was by a wise prevision that the Prefect of the Seine—an officer appointed by the executive government—was entrusted with authority to veto its resolutions whenever they were *ultra vires*—which they often were. But in spite of all its extravagances the old council had its redeeming points. It was a bulwark of Liberalism, though of a hot-headed kind. It encouraged and promoted the education of the people, and appointed to its popular lecturerships such profound

and open-eyed students of the past as the late André Réville. In favour of the *Ligue de la Patrie*, which has now captured the stronghold, nothing can be said, not even that it is anti-revolutionary. It is rather a Catilinarian conspiracy of the worst kind. Its organizers are fly-blown men or women of letters, like Coppée, Jules Lemaitre, "Gyp," and Brunetière; perjured assassins and accomplices of the traitor Esterhazy, like Mercier, Roget, Cavaignac, and Gonse; gutter journalists, like Rochefort; Jew-baiters and blackmailers, such as Drumont and Millevoye; Jesuits, like the Pères du Lac and Coubé; Assumptionist miscreants, like the Père Bailly; visionaries who yearn for a fresh epoch of Cæsarism, and are on the lookout for a new Boulanger, like Paul Déroulède. Perhaps the latter would like to play the part himself, in case General Roget persists in hanging back. Lastly, there is the whole pack of Royalist curs, from the Duc d'Orleans—the ejected of the "Bachelors"—downwards. This motley group veils its designs under the conveniently vague name of Nationalism. No one, of course, can blame a Frenchman for setting above all other interests those of France. But this bastard Nationalism is a mere mixture of reactionary and obscurantist Jesuitry with an unscrupulous militarism. It is dangerous to France, and equally dangerous to the peace of Europe. Its cry is France for the French, but its real aim is the proscription of all non-Catholics and the assassination of Jews. It has no sense of where or what the real commercial interests of France are, and would therefore raise round her a Chinese wall of tariffs, destructive of her prosperity. It would excite war at home and, by dint of Chauvinist

exaggerations, as ridiculous to other nations as they are intolerable, plunge the country into war with all her neighbours. A loyal Frenchman loves the army, but these latter-day patriots, by way of flattering it, fill their journals with foolish appeals to it to march one day on Berlin, the next on Rome, the third on London, and every day against the people. An army constituted and led as they would have it be—and there is a serious risk of their getting their way—ceases to be a safeguard of peace, a form of national insurance for which the sober taxpayer cheerfully makes provision, and becomes a menace to liberty, to industry, to national repose and well-being. The respectable traditions of glory and order are forgotten, and have no place in the propaganda. Instead of them are sown the seeds of hatred and violence. It is a fatal irony that such a faction should have got the upper hand in Paris at the very moment when a great exhibition is being held, destined to exhibit to the entire world the progressive triumphs during the past century of the arts of peace. Such Nationalism is a negation of industry, as it is of religious tolerance, of intelligence, and morality. It is inimical to trade and commerce, and, like the third Empire, can only lead to disaster and national humiliation.

In Italy it is the cue of the Vatican to hold aloof, at least in appearance, from politics, and in view of the general election at the beginning of this month of June, the usual *fiat* went forth to all the faithful to be *ni eletti ni elettori*. The object of Pio Nono in imposing this rule is to boycott the Italian Government, which he regards, and wishes others to regard, as one of usurpation and sacrilege. The result has been to prevent the formation in the

Italian Chamber of a Catholic Party, though it has not hindered the priests from intriguing with the Anarchists and fomenting discontent and a spirit of riot in the large industrial centres. In France the Vatican has played of late years a game different in form, but equally selfish in substance. Leo XIII. was persuaded ten years ago that the Royalist cause was hopeless, as indeed a cause must be of which the Duc d'Orleans, neither a gentleman nor a wit, is the champion. Accordingly, the edict went forth to the faithful to recognize, and be loyal to, the Republic. Not a few honest Republicans—among them M. Spüller—welcomed this step on the part of the Vatican, because they believed it would lead to a change of spirit among the clergy, who, it was hoped, in becoming loyal to a Republic which professes to base itself on the Rights of Man, would gradually be liberalized. The Vatican, however, had other ends in view. It merely wished to capture the Republic and clericalize it; to embrace it in order the better to strangle and suffocate it; to purge it of what the priests everywhere denounce as Freemasonry, which is Clerical slang for the spirit of religious tolerance coupled with respect for civil rights and equality of all before the law, of Jews and Protestants as well as of Catholics. They would substitute for this spirit the principles of the Syllabus. A party of *Ralliés* was accordingly formed, consisting of old Royalists who have nominally turned Republicans, yet retain all the prejudices of the *ancien régime*. Concurrently the French Clerics redoubled their efforts to possess themselves of the army and of the schools. The Dreyfus case is a melancholy proof of their success in the former enterprise; and they have

made such strides in the field of education that the present Ministry of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, as a last desperate means of obtaining public servants who are not Seminarists in disguise, has promulgated a law requiring every candidate for the army or bureaucracy to have spent the last three years of his boyhood in a State lycée instead of in a Jesuit school.

The *Ralliés* in the French Chamber do not number fifty, but the impulse which created the party makes itself felt over a far wider area. It is equally responsible for the degraded Nationalism of Rochefort, Millevoye, and Judet; for the outburst of mediæval passion against the Jews, voiced by Max Regis and Drumont; for the conversion into missionaries of the Pope of such men as Brunetière, Paul Bourget, and Jules Lemaitre, of whom the last was not so long ago a clear-sighted Intellectual, the friend of Renan and participator of all his opinions. To it we may also attribute the flabbiness of politicians like Méline, Dupuy, and Ribot, from the latter of whom one expected something better than a silent approval of the abominations of Mercier and his accomplices.

To a much larger extent than anyone would suppose, who has not narrowly scanned the evidence adduced by the Public Prosecutor, M. Bulot, in their recent trial, the Assumptionist monks have conduced to this general reaction in France. The Père Picard, the General Superior of the congregation, when interrogated, defined its aims to be primarily of a religious order, but accessorially political also, so far as politics depend on religion. "Other questions," he said, "only come within our scope incidentally, or anyhow as depending from the religious idea, because

this latter dominates everything." The notorious Père Bailly, editor-in-chief of the many *Croix* which circulate in France, made the same admission ; though some of the other defendants, Pères Vaujoux, Jacquot, Maubon, Chicard, and Chabaud, had not about them this minimum of honesty, and stoutly denied that their association pursued any but strictly religious aims.

In the English Press, even in such well-informed organs as *The Standard* and *Spectator*, one reads from time to time that the French Republicans have provoked the just wrath of the Latin Hierarchy by their wanton and gratuitous attacks upon the religious congregations, as if the latter were harmless groups of devoted clergymen following purely religious aims, inspired with and setting themselves to inspire others with purely spiritual ideals. Those who write in this way in our English journals imagine that the political impartiality, one might almost say magnanimity, traditional among English clergymen as a body, is also the attitude of French monks. It is well, therefore, to draw a picture of the political and electoral activity of these innocent Assumptionist monks, most of whom profess to play a merely religious part. We are able to draw it from records of their own seized in their convents in November of last year by the French police, and read out in their public trial in the course of last January.

In Italy, as I have said, it is the policy of the Vatican to hold aloof from political elections ; but in France the Assumptionists have devised, at the instance of the Pope and his curia, an electoral organization which would put to shame the most expert American bosses. Their motto is *Adveniat regnum tuum*, their professed aim the triumph

on earth of the Spirit of the Crucified Jesus. Their methods, however, are painfully secular, and for the last twenty years have merely centred round the polling-booth. In 1880 they were dispersed as an unauthorized religious congregation; but in the same year they re-formed their ranks, and in 1883 they founded the *Croix*, a daily journal which has for its frontispiece a large wood-cut of Christ on the Cross. There are, beside the Paris edition of the *Croix*, nearly one hundred provincial editions. They are all similar in form and sentiment, and differ chiefly in their local news. There is also a *Croix de la Marine*, which is circulated among the sailors by their clerically-minded admirals. To maintain uniformity among all these journals there is, beside the hundred odd provincial committees, a central committee, which edits a secret journal only distributed to members of the local committees. This journal is entitled the *Croix des Comités*. Its task is to keep the local editors in step with each other, to unify and guide their policy. The use of the *Croix* in all its editions, as well as of some thirty other daily and weekly journals edited by the Congregation, is to "spread the light," that is, to disseminate hatred of Jews and Protestants, distrust of modern science, a spirit of grovelling superstition and prostration before the priests, and above all a fanatical rejection of all liberal ideas, of tolerance, of lay education. Another influential committee exists to translate into political action the spirit thus diffused among the people. This is the *Comité Justice-Égalité*, which ramifies all over France, and of which the inner ring, or *Secrétariat*, is presided over by the Assumptionist monk, Père Adéodat. Yet other committees exist of the same kind and pursuing

similar aims, *e.g.*, the *Comité de l'Ave-Maria*, and the *Work* or *Œuvre de Notre Dame du Salut*. The reader must not be shocked by the frequent abuse of sacred names and paraphernalia by this clerical Tammany Ring.

The Père Adéodat has a secretary of the name of Alexandre Laya, who, in a document seized last year in a monk's cell at Moulins, gives us a summary of the work carried on by the Assumptionists during the years 1897 and 1898 in Paris and the provinces, "in both of which places, thanks be to God, their efforts have not been in vain." In Paris, he says, the Assumptionist Committees began to work at the municipal elections four or five years ago, and at once established an union of all the Catholic groups. At the former municipal elections they made an impression; and this May they have secured a majority, as we have seen, in the Paris Civic Council, demonstrating their strength and importance, and avenging themselves on the Government of Waldeck-Rousseau, which in January prosecuted and fined them sixteen francs a head. But let us return to the document of M. Laya. We learn from it that the work already crowned with success in Paris was long ago begun in the provinces as well. Letters and circulars were showered all over France, agitators sent down to stir up people, and permanent politico-religious caucuses formed in all the centres. The aim of these provincial caucuses was the same as in Paris—namely, to co-ordinate for a common effort all the motley groups, united by no bond save a common hatred of a well-ordered liberty. Jules Guesde, the Anarchist-Socialist, Déroulède and the dregs of Boulangism, Père Dulac, the Duc d'Orleans, M.

Buffet, and all the professors of the religious obscurantism now fashionable, have been, by the efforts of M. Adéodat, welded into the Nationalist Party. To use M. Laya's phrase, all the "honest groups" have been united, and their electoral programme is defined to be the same as that of the *Croix*. It is the so-called programme of Christian schools, of the propaganda of the faith, of St. François de Sales. It is the sum of all "good" works promoted and sustained by Christian generosity for the glory of God, for the welfare of souls, and the salvation of the *Patrie*. It is, in short, applied Catholicism. Whenever there is voting these caucuses are to work for the return of the "good" Catholics. No election is beyond their scope; municipal, cantonal, legislative, presidential, and even elections of Chambers of Commerce and of Agriculture—all alike are to be watched and provided for. Without such organization, says M. Laya—and he is right,—nine-tenths of the electors might at the bottom be on our side, and yet we should continue to be beaten at elections.

The duties of the Assumptionist caucus are thus defined:—It shall occupy itself with revisions of the register of voters, shall study diligently the body of electors, their wants and the currents of opinion which stir them. With every elector its members must be personally acquainted, so as to set him in one of three classes—viz., good, bad, or doubtful. The "good" electors must be reinforced, marshalled in battalions, encouraged to become apostles of the good cause. The doubtful ones and waverers must be won over. The bad ones had better be left alone, at least to begin with.

Among the "good," propagandism is to take the form of lectures, pamphlets, processions, and, when an election is at hand, of "crusades of prayer." The list of candidates must be prepared, handbills printed and distributed. Every polling-booth must be watched, frauds and acts of personation followed up and punished by annulment of the elections at which they were employed; those polls, however, where, by use of such means, the vote of the faithful wins, must be upheld against the indictments of the enemy. The party of the *Croix*, in fine, must ever be in the breach, holding the enemy perpetually in check. Silently and without flagging the committee of "Justice-Equality" is to pursue in all elections the work so eminently desired by Leo XIII., and so necessary to France. So far M. Laya, from whom all these details are drawn.

Another secret document read in court at the trial of the Assumptionists on January 22nd gave further details of how the work of Clerical propagandism is pushed forward. A committee must be got together in the chief town of every department, or, better still, of every electoral district, composed of laymen or priests. How got together? asks the writer, who answers his own question. To raise such a committee, he declares, only needs a man of action, and, thank Heaven, there are still left such men in France. Let such a one take the bull by the horns, and one fine day assemble three or four, or, maybe, ten of his friends. The number he begins with does not matter. It will soon grow. The main thing is to make a beginning, and at this stage of the proceedings the local *Croix* can give valuable aid, and even supply a

committee ready made. Care must be taken to obtain a competent secretary, for he is the prime wheel in the mechanism. He must be an educated man, with some knowledge of law, keen, clear-headed, gifted with common-sense, and, above all, with affability.

Such a secretary, we are told, will often have to be paid—and that to the mind of our good monks is the only inconvenient thing about him.

The committee thus formed and the secretary found, the next step is to examine in detail the political conditions of the borough or electoral region. Each member of the committee must take in hand two or three, or more, of the communes or parishes which make it up; and they must begin by procuring lists of the voters, for without such lists they will be working in the dark. And here the inborn secretiveness of the Clerical worker is shown by the writer of the document I am summarizing. It is much better, he says, to go to the head centre of the *arrondissement* (electoral district) or of the department for such lists than to the mayors of the communes; for in these petty centres, even where the presiding officer is a safe man, the clerk is apt to be the schoolmaster, and will be likely to set his wits to work and make suppositions about what the list is wanted for. "He is quite capable, indeed, of suspecting that the person who asks for the list means to busy himself over the elections."

Let us suppose that the several members of the *Croix* committee have secured the lists they need in the round-about way described; the duty which next devolves on them is to secure each in the one or two communes or parishes selected by him an agent or representative of the

Fathers of the Assumption. And in the rules laid down for the choice of such an agent the fox-like cunning of these monks, who, by the way, never weary of maligning the Freemasons for the reputed secrecy of their propaganda, is strikingly apparent. The local agents are not to know that they are acting for the Assumptionists, but are to be altogether ignorant of their relations with them.

Such a requirement seems, at first sight, impossible of achievement; and yet the secret document assures us that in nearly all the departments the Fathers have secured agents in every commune who fulfil this condition of ignorance. It is only possible if the member of the central committee of the province or electoral district takes care that all communications between the agent in the commune and the Fathers themselves should pass through himself. He has a Jekyll and Hyde part to play, posing as a good Republican to the agent, who is a puppet in his hands, and as the obscurantist and anti-Republican that he really is to the good Fathers.

The agent or correspondent in the commune—and in France there are about 38,000 communes—is, so we read, to be of a certain age, of good position, liked and respected by as many as possible, above all a conscientious man and of irreproachable life. The central committee man will not approach him as an emissary of the Fathers, but will just ask him to help him as a private individual by informing him quietly of all that goes on in his village, of all that concerns either its common life or the lives of the individuals living in it. "If the village correspondent wants to know what you are about, you will tell him," says our document, "that it lies in your power to smooth

away difficulties and render services. You must not give him the name and address of the secretary of the general committee unless you are quite sure of your man. Never let him know that it is for the Assumptionist Fathers that you are so busy over electoral matters."

The particular services to be rendered by the unconscious parish agent of the Assumptionists are next described. He is to be given the list of local voters and asked to note after the name of each whether he is good, bad, or doubtful. If possible, the opinions of others in the place are to be obtained. "You must get together several persons and read out to them the names on the list one by one, and ascertain from them the opinions of each voter. Very often they will disagree, and one voter will be reported good by one and bad by another. In that case you must set him down as doubtful."

The village correspondent in his turn is to seek the co-operation of as many young men as he can of twenty-five to thirty-five years of age; and unmarried, if possible, because unmarried men have no wives to gossip, have more liberty, and are, as a rule, less lazy. These canvassers, as we should call them in England, must be carefully kept in the dark in regard to the Assumptionists, nor must they know that they form part of an organization ramifying all over France. "Once more," says the secret document, "what we want to effect is good, and not merely to make a noise." It is essential to conceal from the agent in the commune the cause for which he is really at work. Neither he nor the canvassers he collects in his village must suspect that they are affiliated to the central committee of the *Justice-Égalité*.

We have thus the outline of a complete electoral organization ; of which only the upper grades know what they are about, while the lower ones work in the dark for employers of whom they would be ashamed if they knew who they were. A complete service exists, says the document, so soon as the central committee of the province, its secretary, village correspondents and their delegates or canvassers have been created. The Assumptionists will have then created "an administration alongside of the administration, a mayor and justice of the peace alongside of the ordinary mayor and justice of the peace."

Certainly the Assumptionists deserve to succeed, in so far as energy and thoroughness merit success. They have organized in France a State within the State, with a secret police of their own. A staff of public lecturers, who ostensibly have nothing to do with the Assumptionists and are to deny all connection with them, completes the edifice, which might well excite the envy of a Russian Minister of the Interior.

Let us suppose an election is at hand, and the machine so carefully elaborated is to be set to work. The boss or member of the great provincial committee will go round to each parish or commune beforehand, and interview his collaborators singly or together. It will be best, however, on this occasion to see them one by one, or in small groups of two or three at a time ; for he will so obtain more detailed information about things, and will avoid exciting the suspicions of the enemy, who, did they know the forces arrayed against them, would redouble their watchfulness.

It will be understood that the party of the Assumptionists is not so strong or popular in France as to be able to run candidates of its own, except in a very few districts; but their compact and secret organization has enabled them to influence elections almost everywhere; and in May, 1896, they everywhere heckled the Candidates about the Dreyfus case, with the result that a Chamber was elected capable of applauding Cavaignac and of ordering Henry's forgeries to be posted up in every commune of France.

In most constituencies a candidate who frankly came forward as a Clerical would have no chance; but there is less difficulty in procuring candidates who profess Republican principles, yet are ready to sacrifice them under pressure. The aim of the *Justice-Égalité* Committee is therefore to secure the return of squeezable candidates; and in a secret circular addressed to its members and seized at Moulins, in the Assumptionist convent, we read the following:—

"In districts where it is possible, our friends will avail themselves of local conditions and of the state of opinion among the voters to choose a candidate who is out-and-out Catholic and faithful to pontifical directions. Short of that they will demand of the candidate a minimum at least of concessions, substantial and made in writing."

That the above is no vain pretension was shown by the famous Pact of Bordeaux, so called. This was a sort of Kilmainham Treaty, under which the Anarchist or extreme Socialist candidates secretly agreed with the *Justice-Égalité* League to aid the Clericals in return for their support at the polls. The pact succeeded admirably for a time. In Italy the Clericals have long intrigued in the

same way with the more turbulent and irreconcilable of the Socialists, much to the detriment of the country and without likelihood of permanent profit to the Papacy. The priestly ambition in that country is to dislodge the King and his Government. It is forgotten that the Pope would follow the King out of Rome within six weeks.

Beside the *Croix* in its numerous issues, the *Justice-Égalité* League has a journal of its own bearing the same title; and in order to make use of the women, who in France are the mainstay of sacerdotalism, there is a special branch of the propaganda called the "*Work of Notre Dame de Salut*," with sub-committees called of Joan of Arc and Ave Maria. Nothing proves the sagacity of the Assumptionist Fathers so clearly as the care with which they everywhere enrol the women, and set them to exercise pressure on the men. A chief reason why at this moment Jewish and Protestant officials are so detested in France by the Clericals is, that the priests cannot get at them through their womenkind.

The association of *Notre Dame de Salut* was founded immediately after the Commune, and was blessed by the Pope and enriched with special indulgences in a brief dated May 17th, 1872. It is controlled by a council of Assumptionist monks, has its staff, its president, Père Picard, and secretary, Père Bailly; its own fund, superior and offices in the Assumptionist Monastery at 8, Rue François I., Paris. Its aims, and those of the sub-committees we have named, are defined as consisting in united prayer for the conversion of France to Jesus Christ through Christian legislation, unity of effort among Catholics, and the triumph of the Church. Zealous

women are chosen as its associates, who distribute every month its little blue journal and collect funds to carry on the work. The first duty of these zealous females, marshalled under the Père Bailly, is defined to be electoral work. This is declared by the circular of the League of the Ave Maria to be the work of works. "The women of France," it declares, "anxious to preserve for their country the religion which is its grandeur and strength, have resolved to combine in order to uphold the interests of faith and fatherland." Their duties are many. In the first place, to disseminate the *Croix* and other publications of the *bonne Presse*. It is interesting to notice that just as the mediæval Dissenters, often Manicheans and always arrayed against the State, which in those days was Catholic, denominated themselves the *boni homines*, so the Ultramontanes of to-day, equally inimical to the State, but inimical for reasons far less respectable, talk of *bonnes élections*, of *bonne législation*, of their *bonne Presse*. *Good* in their slang means obscurantist and reactionary.

The next duty of this female league is to use whatever domestic influence they have on the side of the *Croix* and its ideas. They have servants, tradesmen, all sorts of *protégés*, on whom they can put pressure; and through the wives of the poor people they must seek to influence the popular voter. Thirdly, they must see that a "good" tone dominates their salons; and this is the field on which they must combat with tact and prudence the inertia and prejudices of some, the vain excuses and witticisms of others. The salon is the best medium in which to work upon and win over waverers. Lastly, they must be at their posts in election times, foregoing every

social engagement in order to be present in their various constituencies. Inside their homes the women must take care that their children are brought up in the faith and conformably to the ideas of the *Croix*, so that they may be zealous Catholics when they grow up. They must also collect funds for the *Justice-Égalité* League, must perpetually warn their friends against sending their sons to State schools instead of to those kept by Jesuits, Christian brothers, and other monks. They must help to unmask the Freemasons and the Jews, taking care not to deal with them to the detriment of Catholic shopkeepers.

The Assumptionists have organized yet other guilds and leagues for girls, whom they try to turn into propagandists from the moment of their first communion. There is also an order of "Knights of the Cross," formed of young men over eighteen. They are admitted after a period of six months' probation, three as noviciates and three as postulants; and on the morning of their admission they make a solemn declaration on their knees before the altar and sign a promise that they will be true to the rules and obligations of the order. Their duty is to propagate the principles of the Assumptionists, and to insinuate themselves into households for that purpose.

Secret *dossiers* by the thousand were found in the Assumptionist houses of all the prominent men in France. At Bordeaux, under the mattress of one of the monks, was hidden the *dossier* of M. Charles Bernard, Anarchist-Socialist Deputy for that city. It was a closely-written book fifty pages long, drawn up by a Catholic lady who had been instigated by the monks to insinuate herself into the home of M. Bernard's mother and ingratiate herself

with her for the express purpose of spying on him. It chronicled his actions and words, day by day and hour by hour. M. Bernard is one of the Deputies whom the Assumptionists (in a secret list drawn up by Père Picard and seized at Bordeaux) claim to have returned to the Chamber by their efforts. We find M. Bernard's act of capitulation to them. It is addressed to the Père Laverdure, and runs thus :—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—You ask me on which side I shall sit. Beside M. Drumont, of course. Anti-Semite I am, and shall always remain, along with other champions of liberty ; never with the sectaries. As for the congregations, I shall demand for them, you may be sure, the rights common to all citizens.”

We have seen how much store these descendants of inquisitors set by the women, and so are not surprised to hear of the seizure in their cells at Bordeaux of lists of the wives of electors all over France. They were compiled, in response to a special appeal, in all but four or five departments of France. In these lists the women are divided into two classes only : those who are devout and practising Catholics and those who are not ; the “better” and the “less good” among the husbands are those whose wives fall into one or the other of these categories.

The English public is by now familiar with the *Croix*, for which Cardinal Vaughan, writing in *The Times*, could find no better excuse than that it was a “cheap” paper. The importance which the French monks attach to the dissemination of this poisonous sheet may be measured by the rules they make for the choice of *Camelots* or street-vendors of it :—

"Choose," so we read in these impounded secret documents, "a small boy ten to fifteen years of age, sharp and good-looking. A small boy is better than an older one, because he has a certain cheek about him, which, I am sorry to say, often disappears when he is a little older. He is not so shy about forcing his paper upon people, and does not mind worrying them, making his way into private houses and bars, where he will bother the people drinking till he gets their halfpence out of them. If the children you engage are a little shy to begin with, and afraid of their elders, entrust the first sales to several at once. When they are together they have more pluck."

We also find instructions to inundate an entire town with the *Croix*, distributing it for two or three days gratuitously so as to secure it a footing. It is also to be sold on the steps of every church.

In England a vast political organization like the Primrose League cannot be carried on for nothing, nor can the Assumptionists maintain such a propaganda as the preceding pages reveal without ample funds. That they have these at their disposal is clear from the fact that in November last the police commissioned to search their premises in Paris found a sum of nearly two million francs in the safe of their treasurer, Père Hippolyte; and the police commissary, when he expressed surprise at their keeping so vast a sum in ready money, was assured by another of the Fathers that in proportion to their daily disbursements, it was not excessive. It is also one of their cardinal doctrines that money expended in disseminating the *Croix* is better spent than in building churches or in alms. In an anonymous pamphlet of the *Justice-Égalité* committee we have such sentiments as the following:—

"Ah! If I had only known it earlier! What a lot of money wasted without advancing the 'good' cause a single step! Praise be to God,

who has put into my hands this precious instrument (viz., the *Croix*) of apostleship. Until now I confined myself to succouring physical misery, to adorning and embellishing the House of God, to aiding the erection of new shrines. And now I find, after sacrificing the better part of my income in this way, that even if there be in my parish somewhat fewer poor people, there is not one Christian the more. For while I was relieving their bodies evil journals were assassinating their souls. The more I embellished the House of God, the more these journals disfigured and soiled souls which, by calling, ought to be the living sanctuaries of God. Down, then, with the old tactics, naïve and generous, but too often unfruitful. Instead of them I shall spread all I can the Christian journal, I shall subscribe to it, shall preach it up in public, shall give it away."

It is not within the scope of the present article to examine at length the scope and morality of this "Christian" journal, of which the dissemination is to replace old-fashioned alms-giving. In former numbers of this Review I first edified the English public on this subject, and subsequently the daily and weekly Press of England, especially *The Times*, took the matter up and drove it home. Space only permits me in this connection to notice two points. One is the extraordinary secretiveness of the Assumptionists who have formed and control this vast propaganda. It was proved that in their great establishment in the Rue François I. in Paris they had beside the public entrance a secret approach from a back street, known only to themselves. Thus they were able last November to dodge the police, who only found, when they entered, such documents as the Fathers had not cared to remove. At Bordeaux compromising documents were found under the mattresses of the monks, who there had very short warning of the domiciliary visit and no secret exit. One of the Fathers, P. Hilaire, of Livry, made various statements to the

magistrate as to the origin of a sum of about £6,000 spent on his chapel. This was in November, 1899. In January of this year, when placed upon oath, he had quite another story to tell, and being asked to explain the discrepancy, coolly replied that on the former occasion he was not under oath nor liable to punishment if he concealed the truth; he did not feel himself compelled to tell the truth except when he was put on oath! *

* The Jesuits long ago discovered the doctrine of mental reserve. The Assumptionists have accepted their doctrine and made many fresh discoveries of their own. For surely it is something new and unheard of that the advent of the Kingdom of God upon earth can be hastened by the dissemination in the columns of the *Croix* of a ribald song, originally printed in the *Libre Parole* of Drumont, and written to celebrate the attempted assassination at Rennes of that fearless champion of truth and justice, the advocate of Dreyfus, Maltre Labori. In every one of the eight or more stanzas of this song there is open approbation of assassination and lightly concealed obscenity. Its refrain is as follows:—

"As-tu vu
Le trou d'balle, le trou d'balle,
As-tu vu
Le trou d'balle à Labori."

And the last two stanzas are these:—

"Bref, après tant de Souffrance,
L'avocat est venu
Prendre sa place à l'audience
En gardant sa balle dans le . . . dos.

Il a fait une belle harangue,
Son bagout a reparu—
Y a rien qui délie la langue,
Comme d'avoir une balle dans . . . l'dos."

Such is the literature which Père Bailly, the welcome visitor of the Vatican and the darling of the French Episcopacy, is not ashamed to disseminate. "Buy as many numbers as you can of the *Croix*," so we read in one of his secret circulars (July 12, 1899). "Drop them casually, and as if you meant nothing, on benches, on the parapets of walls, under trees in the public promenades, on the seats in railway stations and in trains, on the tables of the cafés." Let us not forget also that the particular issue—it is 167,000 on week-days and 250,000 on Sundays—in which Drumont's vile song is reprinted, was set up in type, pulled and sewn by 212 young girls under the direction of the *Sœurs Oblates*.

Some of my readers may be saying to themselves: What of all this! The association of the Assumptionists was dissolved by the French Courts in January last, and the Dreyfus case is ancient history. And even if it be not, what concern is it of Englishmen how the French mismanage their own affairs?

The answer to such criticism is twofold. It does matter to us what the general policy of the Roman Church is; it does matter how it is shaped and controlled. And when we find, on the morrow of the trial of these Assumptionist miscreants, the Archbishop of Paris—M. Richard—going to condole with them, and M. Gouthesoulard, Archbishop of Aix, and other prominent bishops writing letters in the *Croix* in which the French Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau is insulted and denounced as a liar and a thief, we can only conclude that the Roman Church approves of the *Croix*. When we furthermore find the Pope welcoming Père Bailly, its editor-in-chief, and blessing him solemnly and in public, we are sure that the sentiments of the *Croix* have got the upper hand in the Vatican, wherein is formed the public opinion of Catholics all over the world.

Secondly, it does matter to England what Party is dominant in France. It is true that the Assumptionists as a congregation have now been once more dissolved; but monks, who for years evaded the payment of taxes on their houses by nominally entrusting them to men of straw, will soon begin afresh under some alias or other. It is true that the Vatican has forbidden them in their capacity as monks to write any more about politics, but they will write in some other capacity. And even if they

do not, they have done their work; for at this moment they and their Party are really dominant in France. This the recent almost unanimous vote of the French Chamber proves. The Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry was suspected of a design not so much to revive the Dreyfus case as to allow certain actions, compromising to Mercier, Boisdeffre and the late Colonel Henry, to be threshed out publicly in the Law Courts. Accordingly a Deputy named Chapuis in the last days of May proposed a resolution pledging the Government to prevent any further discussion of the case; and the Government bowed to what was clearly the general feeling of the House. No other vote so damaging to France, so eloquent of the moral rottenness of her politicians, of their slavish readiness to drown all considerations of truth and justice in order to protect a Mercier, has ever been passed. The vote of July 7th, 1898, decreeing that Henry's forgery should be posted up in all the communes of France, was not half so dishonouring; for ignorance had nearly as much to do with it as fear of the Generals. Now every Frenchman is fully informed, and every Deputy has in his hands the evidence of Dreyfus' innocence and of Mercier's guilt. Yet they pass with only sixty dissentient voices a resolution of which the drift is to prevent the victim ever obtaining redress, and Esterhazy's patrons from ever being punished. Not only so, but journals like the *Figaro* and the *Aurore*, which have fought well for the truth, justify the vote on the express ground that such "pacification" as this is the only way to save France and the Republic from the peril of Militarism.

As a matter of fact France lies at the feet of Generals, who can so overawe the Civil Courts and Parliament that a Mercier cannot be brought to justice, that Labori's assassin cannot be found, while a Picquart can be permanently drummed out of the Army. For the last five years the Civil Government has been engaged in a death-duel with a Militarism of which the inner heart and core is Jesuitry. The Republicans have made one concession after another to *État-Majors* composed of criminals. Instead of being disarmed or pacified the wolf is all the more hungry; and old-time Republicans, first Méline and now Ribot, have joined the wolves.

The recent vote of May 22nd is therefore a triumph for the Jesuits and the guilty Generals, their *alumni*; with whom all the corps of French officers of all grades, and all that in France constitutes or would like to be thought to constitute good society, stands solidly united. And their alliance is joined and reinforced by all the elements of disorder, as well as by a phalanx of discontented and conceited literary men such as Brunetière, Jules Lemaitre, Paul Bourget, Coppée, and others.

The Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry pretends and believes itself to be one of Republican defence. Yet how can a Republic live except by enforcing respect for justice and upholding the equality of all before the law. It has the courage to do neither. As long as Dreyfus remains under the stigma fixed upon him by the friends of Esterhazy,—as long as the reptile press of Rochefort, Drumont, Judet, and Père Bailly can heap on him and on those who have stood by him the epithets which only befit themselves,—until the millstone of scandal and crime is lifted off the

neck of the country, so long the constitution is Republican in name alone. Like any South American Republic, it is a rule of cut-throats varnished over with a show of constitutional forms.

But what concerns Englishmen most deeply is that the Nationalists who really govern France at this moment, seeing that the *soi-disant* Republicans have not the courage to strike down their tyranny, are filled with a bitter and irreconcilable hatred of England, of our free institutions, and our religion. For months their journals, such as the *Libre Parole*, *Gaulois*, *Éclair*, *Intransigeant*, and *Petit Journal*, have been preaching a holy war against the British Empire. All these rags count their readers by hundreds of thousands, whereas the more sober ones count them only by tens. The old wrong of Alsace-Lorraine is effaced from the memory of most Frenchmen. None remember the events of 1870 save those who are well past middle age, and this explains the fact, so strange to outsiders, of the existence in French public opinion of a strong current in favour of an alliance with the Prussians against ourselves. The Germans, unlike the French, will never make war on us from sentimental reasons; but they would yield readily to utilitarian ones, and would join with the French Nationalists to-morrow if a safe opportunity presented itself of despoiling us of our Empire. It therefore behoves us to be watchful of what takes place in France.

It is worthy of notice that both in Germany and France the only Party disposed, during the dark moments of the Transvaal War, to be—I will not say just or favourable to England,—but sober and reasonable from a foreign

standpoint, were the Socialists. In the Reichstag they alone have shown any perception of how important to German industry it is that the open markets of England and the British Empire should not be closed by hostile tariffs, as they would be if they were controlled by any other Power ; and as they may be by us, if German envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness should strain overmuch our magnanimity. In France equally it is the Socialists who recognize the enormous importance to France of the English market. Perhaps what is most important about the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry is the presence in it of M. Millerand, the leader of the Collectivists. It is the first time that a French Ministry has comprised a representative of this Party, and no one can say that M. Millerand has not discharged the duties of his portfolio—that of commerce—with sobriety and conscientiousness. The alliance of the genuine Republicans with the Socialists marks an epoch in the history of France, and in future Cabinets the latter cannot well be neglected. It suits the interest of lukewarm Republicans like Méline and Ribot to deliver philippics before meetings of comfortable French tradesmen against a Ministry which has made terms with Collectivists, but an alliance with men like Millerand and Jaurès is surely more respectable than one with Mercier and Roget.

It cannot be said that the trial and condemnation in the Senate of Déroulède and his friends, or the dissolution of the Assumptionists by a Law Court, has really strengthened the Republic. It is time to recognize that the policy of the so-called Liberty of Instruction, instituted by the *Loi Falloux* some fifty years ago, has but given the

control of the upper class education to the Jesuits, and of primary schools to the *Frères Ignorantins*, the Christian Brothers founded by the just canonized saint, La Salle. Instead of a really French education managed by the State, you have a system inspired by an Italian prelate and managed by obscurantist monks who take their orders from Rome; and one has only to read the syllabus and possess a very slight acquaintance with Vatican aims and methods to realize that the *Loi Falloux*, by freely authorizing other schools and colleges in France than those immediately under State control, has proved a weapon in the hands of Clericals, who enslave the conscience, and would, if they could, destroy all freedom of speech of the Press, nay, the human intelligence itself. The system of allowing monks to educate children is no more satisfactory from a moral than from an intellectual and political standpoint. During the years 1897 and 1898 some twenty-five monks were convicted in French tribunals of indecent assaults on children, and were condemned between them to a total of over 250 years' imprisonment. The large majority of these criminals were Christian Brothers. It must not be forgotten that such offences are peculiarly difficult to bring home, and for every conviction there must be hundreds who escape. If our Board-School teachers had the same low *morale*—inseparable from monkery—as these Christian Brothers, several hundreds of them would go to gaol every year for indecent assaults on the children confided to them.

Again, the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry is afraid to strike down the real culprits, Mercier, Roget, Boisdeffre, and the other booted and spurred employers and patrons

of the traitor Esterhazy. They have, no doubt, banished Déroulède to the congenial land of Spain, but no other form of Government would have let off so easily self-convicted conspirators against itself. Imagine how the German or Russian Governments would treat individuals who confessed that they only waited for a better chance of overthrowing the rule of Tsar or Kaiser and substituting another sort of sovereign. In monarchical States—Italy apart—high treason is a real crime, and punished as such. In France, however, all persons of good family and connections, all sportsmen, all *bon ton* society, conspire with impunity against the Republic. And the blame rests less with the military ruffians than with the weak Republicans, the Mélines, Dupuys, Ribots, who tolerate them. Even the turfmen and snobs, who insult and assault the President at Auteuil or demonstrate in the streets, only translate into action the tone of their clubs, and cannot logically be punished so long as Mercier and Roget are held in honour.

The truth is that in France justice is in abeyance, and honour and truth are of no account. For the nonce, travelling rugs and carpets are being spread out to cover up the torrents of mud poured out in the Dreyfus and Déroulède trials. For the need for peace is just now felt to be more urgent than the need for justice. The Exhibition is the occasion for a truce of God, with which, however, God has not much to do. It is merely the hollow peace of two groups who have hung up questions of honour for a little, but are ready to fall on one another again. Meanwhile, the fate of the Republic hangs on a hair, which at any moment the sabre may sever, as soon

as a Roget is found who, instead of sticking to discreet forgeries, has the courage to risk striking a blow. The Republic is saved for the Exhibition only. The propaganda of a Church which has set truth and justice at the bottom of the scale and slavish deference to the priest at the top, has sapped the conscience of France. True, the Intellectuals have made splendid efforts to awake it and infuse fresh life. They have failed and are foiled. The number of genuine Republicans has probably never been very great in France, at least, not among the bourgeois middle class; and the revolt of the Republican Centre against a Government which leans on the Socialist Left gathers strength every day, and is now voiced by journals like the *Débats* and *Temps*, of which the Republicanism used to be above suspicion. As soon as the doors of the Exhibition are closed, if not before, Waldeck-Rousseau's Ministry will fall, and a Méline or a Dupuy will follow with a Cabinet of Clerical and Militarist puppets. The inevitable reaction will follow. In every large city, including Paris, there will be outbursts of mob violence, and with the new century, France will definitely enter upon a fresh cycle of revolutions, of proscription, and, possibly, of civil war.

There is something pathetic in the votes of confidence in the Army which the French Parliament regularly passes in the vain hope of keeping Cerberus in good-humour. Here is the last of the kind of May 28th:—

“The Chamber, approving of the acts of the Government and sure of the loyalty of the Army to the country and to the Republic, passes to the order of the day.” Imagine an Anglo-Saxon Parliament going out of its way

to express its confidence in the loyalty of its Army to itself. Outside France or Spain or a Spanish-American Republic such a vote is inconceivable. In the French Chamber this resolution was cut in half and the part expressive of confidence in the Cabinet received 288 votes against 247 ; the little compliment to the Army was voted unanimously. Such votes are significant, and mean that half the French Chamber is aware of what is the fact—namely, that practically the entire corps of officers is disloyal to the Republic ; though it would be hard to define where else their loyalty lies, unless indeed to the Jesuits who have taught them and formed their characters. The minority of 247, composed of Royalists, Anti-Semites, *coup d'état* men, and *Ralliés*, are all united in a common hatred of the free institutions of which MM. Loubet and Waldeck-Rousseau are left the last weak representatives. They invite the Army daily in their Press to move and sweep away Parliamentary Government. With the *Croix* they would probably prefer that the Republic should commit deliberate suicide, and by way of regular vote install a military dictator responsible only to his mistresses and to the priests who would control their consciences. But if they cannot get a majority to do it by vote they are quite ready to eject by force M. Loubet and other symbols of a real Republic ; and it is the knowledge of this which paralyzes with fear the Constitutional Party, and wrings from it amnesties for Mercier and other weak compacts with crime, which, instead of disarming, merely embolden the enemy who is knocking at the gate.





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